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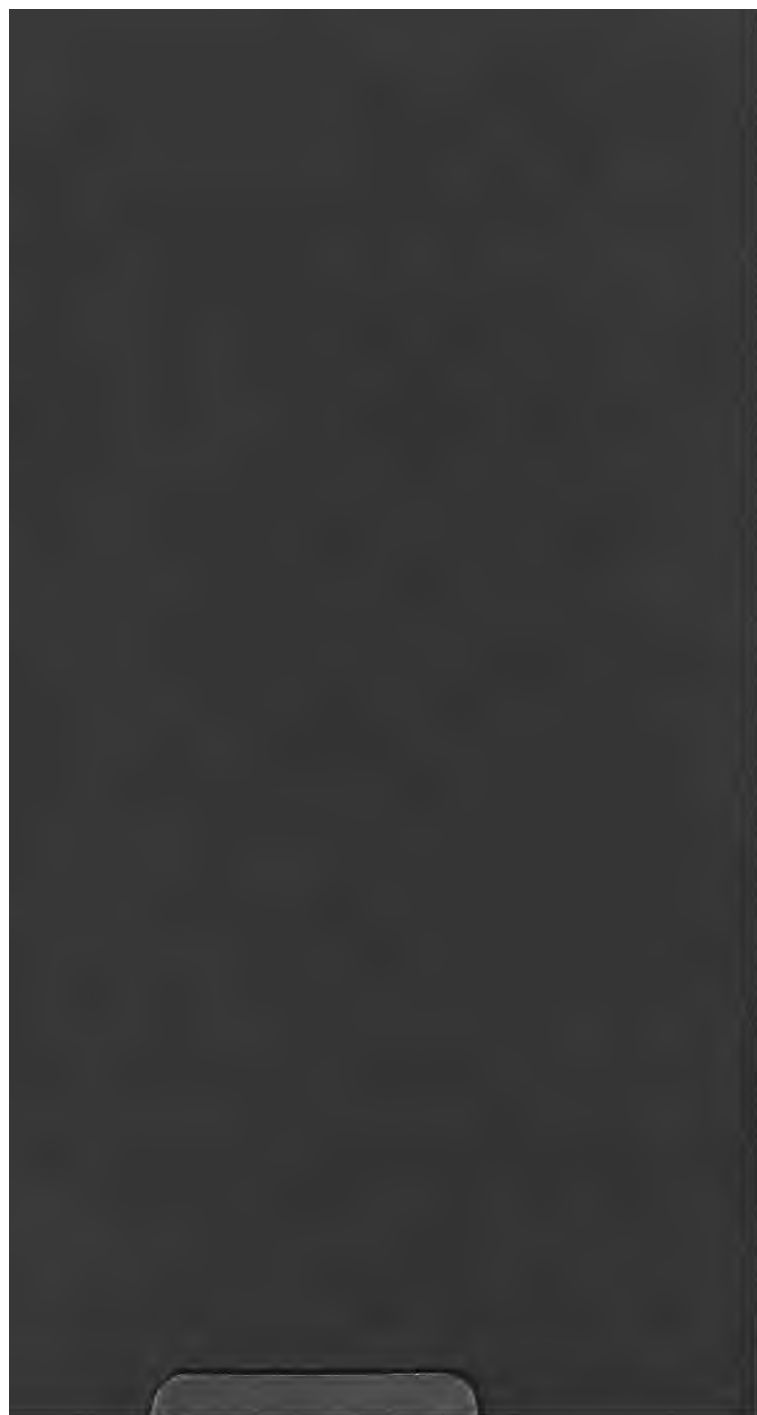
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THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
CALVIN SMITH
OF
SMITHVILLE

Published by
SANFORD H. ROBISON, JR.,
CHICAGO
SEPTEMBER, 1907



The
Autobiography
of
Calvin Smith
of
Smithville

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SANFORD H. ROBISON, JR.,
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*Contributions of the au-
thor to State University.*

24 Apr. 09 200.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.



In presenting the Autobiography of Calvin Smith, of Smithville, to the public the publisher wishes to state that it is in response to the demands of newspapers which have been for years publishing extracts from it and articles about him.

As far as possible the exact words of Mr. Smith have been used there being no effort to change his language. Typographical errors may possibly be found in the book, although every effort has been made to get the names and dates correct.

This book contains many true incidents, gathered during his ninety-two years of life, and is especially interesting on account of many stories of the War of the Rebellion and the Border Ruffians' War which have never been published before. Inasmuch as he was an active participant in these struggles the public will have an opportunity of reading inside facts for the first time.

There are also numerous facts about the early settlement of Missouri which cannot fail to interest everyone.

THE PUBLISHER.

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PREFACE.

This, my autobiography, I dedicate to all, both young and old. I have been faithful in stating nothing but facts, and have designedly left out nothing to shield wrong in me. Read the traveling history of one past ninety-two years, from my cradle to date. I do not restate here what I have written in the following pages of my book. I do not boast of much fine literary ability or many big-sounding words to cover over faults, but state things as they occurred. I say I stored away my good deeds in a safe; also, in another safe, my happy days, gathering information all through life so I would be in good company when alone, with wisdom to enjoy it. Oft'times and odd times or in night-dreams, I take them out and recount them all over for enjoyment. Now when the time comes I shall wrap my mantle around me and lay me down to pleasant dreams, counting all is well. I know who I believe: if I keep and do His word I shall never die. I do not say I am without faults and have not sinned. But I pray the Lord to pardon me, for surely He will, and is able and willing, if I have faith in His word, which I have and do believe; and pray I may never sin more, My great desire is to live righteously before God and man, and do his word. This day I renew my pledge to serve the Lord.

CALVIN SMITH.

1611 Oak Street, Kansas City, Mo.

December 23, 1905.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In response to a continued demand, this the second edition, is issued.

To an old man, who has ever tried to do his duty to his God, his country and his neighbors this demand repays him a thousand fold.

He wishes in this edition to extend his thanks to all those newspapers that have so kindly reviewed his work, and to his friends, President Roosevelt among them, who have been so generous in their criticisms.

CALVIN SMITH,

July, 1907.

Kansas City, Mo.

CHAPTER I.

MY ANCESTORS.

In writing this autobiographical sketch, first, deem it fit that I name the loins whence I and mine have sprung.

The tradition handed down to me by my ancestors is that previous to the treaty of Ryswick in 1697, my ancestors lived in Alsace, or to be more accurate, "in the city (Strasburg) where the big clocks are." Previous to this date Alsace was a Province of Germany, but by that treaty was ceded to France.

My ancestor being a German refused to live under the flag of France, and emigrated to the eastern shores of the Rhine and looked for a suitable place to locate on German soil, but he heard of the colonies across the Atlantic, and he emigrated to America, and arrived in the colonies of her Majesty, Queen Anne of England, exactly what year I am unable to say, but tradition says during the reign of Queen Anne, which was from 1702 to 1714. He settled first in New Jersey, a short distance north of and east of the city of Philadelphia, Pa.

His descendant, Abraham Smith, my grandfather, then married a Miss Davenport, and when my father, Humphrey Smith, was about ten years of age the Smith and Davenport families moved to Wilkes-Barre, Pa. I am informed the Davenport family was at that time, and has been ever since, a populous and energetic family in the vicinity of Wilkes-Barre.

Thence my father, Humphrey Smith, when a young man emigrated to Western New York and settled near the head of Cayuga Lake, where he engaged in the distilling business, and where he met and married Nancy Walker, my mother; Nancy Walker's father having come to the colonies from England during the Revolutionary War as a British soldier.

Shortly after the battle of Long Island he was sent on a foraging expedition, and was captured by the Continental troops and paroled. He went to Connecticut, where he met Miss Atwater, whom he married, she being a descendant of the celebrated Atwater family, who were of the first settlers of New Haven Bay Colony, and I believe is a descendant of David Atwater, who was the first president of the Town Council of New Haven Bay Colony.

After marrying Miss Atwater, peace was declared, and the British forces sent squads of men through the country seeking British soldiers who had been paroled.

In order to escape these bands Walker took his family out into the unsettled country, now known as Vermont, and remained there till the British troops were all out of the United States, when he went West and settled on the Western frontier in Western New York State, where, as I have said before, his daughter, Nancy—my mother—married Humphrey Smith, my father.

Later Humphrey Smith settled in Erie County, New York, and built what was then known as Smith's Mills, where I was born.

In later years, when I became a man grown, I was considered, and I think I may say, without conceit, something of a beau in frontier society; hardly was a frolic or a wedding, or an infair considered complete without my presence, and frequently I was **manager** of such social events.

I remember that along **about** the year 1835 my services were required as **best man** at a wedding and an infair held near little Shoal meeting **house**, in Clay County, Mo., a few miles northwest of **Liberty**, Mo., and along about two o'clock in the afternoon **myself** and gentlemen friends came into a cleared place by **the** **roadside** near a spring; we found



CALVIN SMITH.



there a family of movers from Virginia, and the man in charge of the little party asked us if we knew a man living in that section of the country by the name of Jacob Eiler. I spoke up and said that I did, that he lived about twenty miles northwest of that point not far from the village of Smithville, in the forks of the Platte. He said that Eiler was his brother-in-law. I noticed a young girl about fourteen years of age gathering up the coking utensils and other belongings of the movers. Her name was Agnes Jordan and a few years afterwards she became my wife and the mother of all my children.

Agnes Jordan, on her father's side, was descended from the Dutch of Holland. Her mother was a Cunningham of Scotch-Irish descent, and whose ancestor, Cunningham, came to the American colonies as private secretary of one of the Colonial Governors of Virginia. It is the same Cunningham family which played a very important part on the frontiers of Virginia in its early settling and which family always had an active part in all the Indian wars and forays, and, in fact, the Cunninghams were "game chickens," and were always on one side or the other in every fight that happened between the inhabitants of Virginia or the colonies or the United States and any other people.

I understand they are yet very populous in Greenbrier and Fayette Counties, Virginia, in which latter county Agnes Jordan was born.

CHAPTER II.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

I, Calvin Smith, was born on the 23d day of December, 1813, at Humphrey Smith's Mills, on Buffalo creek, Erie County, New York, 18 miles southwest of Buffalo. This



place is now called East Aurora. My father had built these mills in 1810. Late in the fall of 1815 he sold the mills to a Mr. Griffin and afterward they were called Griffin's Mills.

On the 29th day of February, 1816, my father prepared for a trip to the West. He had four thousand dollars in gold which he put in a belt and buckled it around his waist. In an old-style two-wheeled ox-cart, drawn by a yoke of oxen, he put his family and started for Missouri, that being the French pronunciation and the way it was spelled at that time. We went to Olean, a point on the Allegheny River. With his wife and four children he embarked there on a canoe. At Pittsburgh, Pa., father had to attach the canoe to a flat-bottom boat going to New Orleans. At Louisville, Kentucky, we met three or four families who were going to the new territory of Missouri. Father chipped in with them and bought a keel boat and we floated down the Ohio River to its mouth. The children would stand on the deck of the boat and watch the shore. When we would see a fine looking house on a high hill one of the children would sing out: "Whose fine house is that away yonder?" Then someone would reply: "It is not yours, for I know by your asking." Then all would join in the chorus of a song I have a faint recollection of which was called "Fol de rol de rol derido."

At the mouth of the Ohio River we turned into the Mississippi and the boat was propelled up that river by men who walked along the shore and drew the boat after them. The men worked like beavers in the mud and water, while a man on the boat, with a long pole kept it from running ashore.

In time we reached St. Louis, 190 miles from the mouth of the Ohio River. We stopped there two or three weeks. Humphrey Smith bought a tract of land in what is now the *central* business part of St. Louis. It was on Fourth street



near where the Planters' Hotel is now located. When it came to record the deeds it was found that the title was imperfect, so the deal fell through. A few days afterwards we all boarded the keel boat again for another move. Eighteen miles brought us to the Missouri River, and we went up that river 300 miles to a place then called Cole's Fort, now Boonville, Mo. We reached there on the first day of July, 1816, just four months to a day from the time we left New York.

On the 14th day of July my sister Missouri was born and about five weeks later, August, 1816, father and his family crossed the Missouri River and settled eight miles east of Old Franklin, Howard County. We moved several times, but stayed in that county until 1819. We then moved to Carroll County, Mo. This was during the "Missouri Question," whether the new incoming State should be a slave or free State. The "Missouri Compromise" in 1822 settled in favor of a slave State.

In 1822 father took another move to Clay County, Missouri, and settled at a place now called Smithville, in the northwest part of the county. It was then a wilderness, being ten miles to the nearest neighbor.

The first Smith Mills were started there. It was a hand mill, two stones, each two feet across and six inches thick, one on top of the other. We could grind enough fine meal on this mill in about an hour to last all day. In those days for coffee we parched corn, put it in a leather bag and then pounded it with a stick or hammer. We boiled it in a tea kettle. For our meal we used a sieve made of raw hide bound round a hoop. We punched holes in the raw hide with a large knitting needle heated to a white heat. When the bran floated on top we blew it off and the heavy part we boiled in a kettle and this made the best of hominy. This

meal we baked in a skillet, and though the bread was black, we enjoyed it.

I remember one day father found eight bee trees, my Uncle Walker seven and my eldest brother, who was only thirteen years of age, found three. Father took mother to a tree and they got a whole bucketful without disturbing the bees. After that we never lacked honey. A large barrel with a square hole large enough to put your hand in, sawed at the bung hole, was always full of honey.

Shortly after this my father walked all the way to his old home in New York State, a distance of 1400 miles, to collect the money due him by Griffin, who had bought the mills when our family went West. When he got the money at Aurora he started home, taking the same route as when he went first. He stopped at Pittsburg, Pa., and bought a full set of saw mill irons, up and down saw mill cranks, stirrups for saw, a ton of bar iron, a number of bars of English Blister steel, a full set of irons for grist mill with a silk bolting cloth that cost \$30.00, blacksmith tools, anvils, bellows, etc. He shipped these goods to St. Louis and thence to Boonville. They were shipped by a keel boat. In 1824 with this material father built and put in operation the celebrated mills at Smithville. There were born to him and my mother six sons and one daughter.

School privileges were poor, as were the facilities for acquiring books and stationery. All the children learned the three "R's." Your orator remained in Smithville until 1862; was married to Miss Agnes Jordan in Platte County in 1840. Miss Jordan was from Virginia (now West Virginia.) Her father was of Dutch descent. Her mother was of Scotch-Irish descent and was a Protestant. Her mother was a Cun-

ningham, a large and noted family scattered all through the States of both the Virginias and the West.

The civil war or rebellion was a persuader that caused your orator to hurry off with "bag and baggage" to bleeding Kansas, for peace sake, where he engaged in merchandising, and remained twenty years.

My children are now grown and mostly scattered; seven living out of nine born unto the manor. I now took a change of venue, and came to Kansas City in 1882. My wife died in 1884. After my arrival in Kansas City I settled at 1611 Oak street, where I now live. Twenty years ago I married Miss Fannie Burton, in Van Buren County, Iowa, my second wife. Her father was Mr. John W. Burton, formerly of Kentucky. My wife's mother was A. Freeman, of Ohio. She is now living in Iowa. Mr. Burton is dead at 79 years of age. There were twelve children in this family, now two-thirds dead.

As to the Smith family—they are of German origin, and I am of the fourth generation of American-born. Their first settlement in America was in New Jersey, about two hundred years ago. In 1784 they emigrated to Pennsylvania, and in 1800 they took another move to the State of New York. My mother's family were English. My Grandfather Walker came from England in 1777. My grandmother was an Atwater. Her ancestors came to America in 1635, and settled at New Haven Bay Colony, Connecticut, where now reside many of the Atwaters. My father and mother were married in the State of New York in 1803, near the head of Cayuga Lake, and were among the first to locate there.

Humphrey Smith, my father, was a strong supporter of John Adams' Administration as President of the United States of America, after the Hamilton theory of our Gov-

ernment, approved by Washington, and which was opposed by Thomas Jefferson, who believed in State's rights. In my day father took strong grounds for the election of John Q. Adams in 1828, and I supported for President in 1840 William Henry Harrison, who was a Whig and a strong anti-slavery man. These principles being ground and rooted into all his sons—daughters also; so we were all Union men, hence Republicans.

The "secesh party" during the late rebellion were aggressive, so I met them half way for a year and a half. In 1862 (July of that year) I left Smithville, Clay County, Missouri, for the State of Kansas, at a great sacrifice of comfort and property, with all my family. Now my father was dead. He died in Smithville, Mo., in 1857. He was born in New Jersey in 1774. His father's name was Abraham Smith; his mother (my grandmother) was named Katherine Davenport. My mother (Nancy Walker) was born in 1783, in the State of Connecticut, and died in 1853 in Dallas County, Iowa, where my parents lived several years.

In my religious views I am what is called a Protestant, and I am a member of the Christian church and have been for the last forty or fifty years. I believe the Bible as an inspired book. Where it speaks, I speak; and where it is silent I am silent. I am a Free Mason and have been forty years or more. On one occasion it furnished me a good purpose, by which I received due and timely notice of danger, to escape the clutches of the rebel general, Price, who had detailed six men to capture me and bring me to headquarters on the Osage River. I at the time belonged to the Grand Army of the Republic; was initiated at Ridgely, Platte County, Missouri, in February, 1862. The officers were Benjamin *Smither*, presiding officer; *Ephroditus Fitzgerald*, secretary. I

was invited from my well-known Union sentiments, and the aid I had rendered. My guide was a Union soldier, armed with the implements of his office. The outside doorkeeper was also armed. Those guards were Union soldiers, guarding the State of Missouri to hold her in the Union. Ten thousand soldiers were furnished Governor Gamble by order of the President, Abraham Lincoln.

I also belong to the Sons of Temperance, and have been a member of that organization for fifty years or more. While in Kansas I voted for prohibition and do not regret my vote yet. The world is my country and to do good to mankind is a part of my religion.

I was postmaster in the town of Smithville for fifteen or twenty years, also in Valley Falls, Kansas, for several years. Have acted as Justice of the Peace, and could appear in under Courts as attorney, and often with success. Professionally, I am a farmer, miller, merchant and general business man. I had the use of tools, hence could do my own work if necessary. I made money by small profits as in a general way; but when reverses came it was in a wholesale way, often scarcely any let-up. Now I have some left—enough, I hope, to float me to the end. My health has been good in a general way.

Speaking of my children: all have reasonably good starts in this business life; no serious physical ailments among them, hence I say doing reasonably well.

At the age of five years I broke my thigh bone. This was in Howard County, Missouri, in 1819. When I was 23 years old I took the measles and afterwards caught cold. It was many years before I got clear of the effects, if I ever did. Was stricken in New Orleans, La., and staggered home before I was able to travel. At the age of 45 I have a severe

attack of winter typhoid fever. This left me with that troublesome disease, piles. This affliction is one of my present ailments—not so bad as in years past.

My oldest son, Erastus Smith, was born in 1841, 19th day of February; was married to Mollie Berry, September 22, 1863. Nine children were born to them; three of them are now living. Our next child was a daughter, Almeda, born December 24, 1842; died in 1847, aged four and a half years. Next a son, Henry, a lawyer, born October, 1845; married in 1877, to Miss Varina Courtney; they have seven children. Alice Letord, born in October, 1848; now has her second husband; three sons living, one dead; she has five grandsons, so I am now great-grandfather. Next a son, Sebree Smith, born 21st of June, 1851; went to West Point (New York) Military School in June, 1866, at 15 years of age; graduated there in 1870; was second lieutenant in the Sixth Cavalry six years.

Promoted to first lieutenant in the artillery, again promoted to captain of the third artillery and located at various stations.

He was married to Annie Watkins in 1875. There were seven children, of whom three are now living.

When in Washington, D. C., in 1900, suffering from sickness, he was ordered to take the examination for major, but was too ill. Two days afterwards he died from a stroke of paralysis, July 5, 1901. He was buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington with full military honors.

Next a daughter, Maria, born in 1854; married George W. McClary. Three children were born to them—one now living and two dead. She is now living in California. Anna, the next daughter, was born in 1856, August 7th; married F. A. Goodenough in 1881; has three children living and one dead. Mr. Goodenough died in 1894. He was a Grand Army man, and drew a pension. He left his wife a reasonable amount of

property by will. Mrs. Goodenough now lives in Northern Iowa.

Our next child was James G. Smith, a lawyer, born 1859; not married. Next a son, Calvin, Jr., born in October, 1863; died aged 14 years 6 months.

This comprises the outline of my life. I think to continue the history of my life, including many reminiscences, by way of a more detailed statement.

CHAPTER III.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

Humphrey Smith, my father, was a soldier in the war of 1812 for which he received a military bounty land warrant. My father was a laboring man and was handy with tools of any kind. His leading passion was mill building and milling, and he could make or mend anything. He could make shoes, operate a mill, blacksmith or farm, and was equally handy with all—and such diversiveness was at that time necessary in the West, or in the first settlements in Pennsylvania and first settlements in New York State in 1800, down to 1830 in Missouri. He was also a moderate scholar and had kept school. He was a great reader and was familiar with most histories, both ancient and modern; also with the bards and poets.

My father was a Protestant in religious faith, and was in his younger days a member of the Methodist Church, before coming to Missouri. In this State he refused to unite with the church on account of the slave question; he holding that slavery was a sin: "Therefore put away from amongst yourselves that wicked person." His prejudice against slavery caused him to take my mother and move to the State of Iowa. There in one of the first settlements he built mills

and secured several hundred acres of land. After ten years mother died there and father sold out and returned to Smithville, Mo., to the old homestead, where one son (the author) lived and was in business, and where Humphrey Smith died in 1857.

The following inscription can be found on a marble monument over his grave, in a small graveyard in Platte County, Missouri, four miles northwest of the village of Smithville:

IN MEMORY OF HUMPHREY SMITH.

BORN, 1774; DIED, 1857.

"Like leaves on the trees, the race of man has found:
How green in youth, now withering on the ground.
So generations in their course decay;
So perish these, when those have passed away."

This patriot came to Missouri in 1816 from the State of New York, and labored to make that territory a free State, for which he was mobbed by armed slave-holders; scourged, bruised and dragged at midnight from his house. His ever-faithful wife, coming to his assistance, received injuries at the hands of the mob which caused her years of affliction and the loss of one eye.

He was compelled to leave the State. His family fled from Howard County to Carroll County, and he, joining them there, they moved to Clay County, where for many years he kept up the struggle against the negro thieves or man-stealers. They denounced him as an Abolitionist, because he was in favor of human liberty for all. His request was "Never let the nigger thieves know where I am buried until my State is free; then write my epitaph:

"Here lies Humphrey Smith, who was in favor of hu-

man rights, universal liberty, equal and exact justice; no union with slave-holders; free States, free people, union of States and one universal Republic."

Tuesday, May 5th, 1857, closed the eighty-third year of the life of a remarkable man. "Having wrapped the drapery of his couch around him, he laid down to pleasant dreams."

My mother was a Connecticut woman, in early life raised in Vermont. She possessed a fair education, and was a woman of much policy. She was a hard-working woman and raised eight children; spinning and weaving, and cutting and making the clothes for her family, besides the cooking and the washing. She seldom hired any help until past middle age. She died at the age of 70 years and is buried in Dallas County, Iowa, on Coon River. Late in life she became a doctor by practice, and midwife, and was an Allopath under the reformed practice, rejecting the Cook-calomel practice, and her work was successful. No other doctor could take her practice from her—always some one waiting for her to go with them. She assisted the poor, giving medicine and clothing to the needy. Society lost a friend when she died, as did her husband and children. She was a Methodist for a long period of her life and later a member of the Christian church.

On a neat tombstone in the cemetery at Wiscotta, Dallas County, Iowa, you will find this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF NANCY WALKER SMITH.

BORN, 1783; DIED, 1853.

"Connecticut gave her life; New York a husband (Humphrey Smith); Missouri a home and eight children;
Iowa, a grave."

CHAPTER IV.

CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTIONS OF 1817.

Having stated in brief a sketch of my life and family relations, I feel at liberty to note some personal incidents of minor interest.

My first recollections were early in the spring of 1817, in Howard County, Missouri, where we lived the first winter we were in the State, in a rented house belonging to David Magill. An old cow called Tide would come to the door mornings after her slop. Another: It was a year of mad wolves. That winter a dog, mistaken for a mad wolf by the women and children, appeared before our house. Isaac Groom, a neighbor youth of 14 years, ran into our house, got father's gun, and, resting it upon a sled, shot the dog. A cat that had licked some of the blood was killed to prevent its going mad.

I remember David Magill, a boy of thirteen, who had a top and stuck it in a crack in the back part of the house beside a chinking. His sister, Sallie, who was ten years of age, discovered me with the top, and took it from me after cuffing my ears and pulling my hair. Of course, I fought and cried, but this stuck to me for all time.

In May, 1817, when I was about three years and three months old, I well remember these incidents. Father was building our new home on public land, then called Congress Land. It was on a public road about a mile from where we were living. This road was the one leading from old Franklin, Howard County, to St. Charles, Missouri, in Howard County, now the Columbia road to Boonville. While he was engaged in the building of the house, making boards to cover the log house, mother sent my older brother George to take a dinner to my father.

George persuaded me to go with him, and on the way I gave out, after walking something over half way, so George took me on his back and carried me, resting occasionally. We arrived in good time, and after a good rest father eat his lunch and then we started for home. We played along the road occasionally and rested at times. An old goose and a half-dozen goslings ran along ahead of us, and I caught one as a curiosity and as a trophy. Isaac Groom, the boy who had shot the mad dog, was near us on a large black stallion. He rushed on to us boys; I fell down and cried. My brothers made their escape, but I was headed off. The horse squealed and snorted. Then a young man, Caleb Magill, stepped up and forced Groom to desist. Groom, being fierce and a bad boy, swore he would ride over Magill, who was eighteen or twenty years old. He started whipping his horse and ran against Magill, so Magill picked up a four-cornered block, threw it at Groom, cut a hole through his hat and through the skin to the skullbone. Then Isaac Groom swore he would whip Magill when he got to be a man. This incident was renewed thirty years later, so Magill told me, but was never settled in full.

The year 1818 is more of a lost history to me, but the year of 1819 made much history. On the fourth day of January my brother Damon was born, and many vivid circumstances come to my mind of that happy day to my father and mother. Then in April of that year I fell down in a foot race and broke my thigh bone. This was the year of the Government land sales at old Franklin in Howard County, Missouri. The territory elected delegates to form a State Government. There were two pronounced parties—Pro-Slavery and Free State. A war of extermination was waged by the Pro-Slavery party.

Nick Buckheart, our neighbor, was a candidate for the convention for the people. He was a man of considerable ability on the Pro-Slavery side, so it was reported, so father, Humphrey Smith, assumed to call on Buckheart to know his position on the slave issue. Buckheart lived with his father, who was a Baptist preacher of the Gospel. The son Nick was a deacon in the church. The call was made early in the morning, soon after breakfast.

So the ball opened by Smith saying to Buckheart: "How are you on the slavery question, Mr. Buckheart?" Buckheart answered that he was in favor of a slave State, and would do all he could to secure that end, if elected. So the slave question was fully discussed for freedom and slavery. The subject ran its regular course, and after all the appeals in favor of freedom had been made by Smith and failing to get any encouragement from Buckheart, Smith quoted the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would others should do to you." Buckheart replied: "Smith, you do not understand the Golden Rule. It is this: if I say to you, 'Smith, kill me,' and you don't do it, and I kill you that is the Golden Rule."

Smith replied: "Buckheart, I am surprised that a man of your pretensions to education, honor and standing in society would be guilty of treason, perjury and blasphemy."

Buckheart raised up his hand and brought it down on his thigh, saying: "Smith, I'll be damned to hell if I thank any man to talk such stuff in my house," getting up at the same time and going out of doors. There was no other person in the house at that moment. Smith took up his hat and walked out of doors meeting the old preacher of the Gospel.

The old man said: "I thought I would bring in some wood, as it is rather cool." The parties never met again.

Smith was mobbed and driven from the territory, and Buckheart was elected. Then followed the Missouri question, the Free State men fled the territory and half of them never returned. Dick Gentry killed Colonel Carroll, who was a candidate for Congress on the Free State ticket, met him on the highway and shot him off his horse. No attention was paid to this murder. This all occurred in Howard County, Missouri, where hell was turned loose for a season.

CHAPTER V.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

Ten or fifteen days after the Buckheart visit about fifteen or twenty men came about ten o'clock one night to Humphrey Smith's house and hid behind the back part of the log cabin. One of them came to the door, and, after knocking, said that he wished to stay over for the night with a horse. Father got up but protested that he had no room. The man said he would stop, stable, or not, even if he had to tie his horse to a tree. Father was standing just outside of the door on a high step, and he said: "Well, I will go and get you a rope." As he returned to go after the rope the stranger caught him by the wrist and jerked him, heels over head, out and down on the ground. As they both fell the mob behind the house rushed out and commenced with young hickory sprouts, two or three years old, flagulating Smith. Fifteen or twenty of them made welts, and made the blood fly. Dragging Smith down to the yard fence about forty yards they still laid on the cudgels. One man was holding Smith by the arm, keeping his head down so that the others could strike him. Smith's faithful wife, hearing

the shrieks and oaths, ran down to the fence, where the mob had gotten over and were trying to pull Smith over. Mrs. Smith grabbed up a long swinging block and threw it over the fence, hitting the man who was holding Smith and knocking him down. Smith, finding himself loose, ran, and the fellow jumped the fence and ran after Smith. Mrs. Smith jumped in his way. The men then grabbed Smith's shirt, but as it tore off, Smith escaped. The ruffian was so angry that he struck Mrs. Smith over the head with such force that the cudgel was bent. He knocked out Mrs. Smith's eye and mashed a large brass comb she wore. I well recollect the night, though it is many years ago. Mother Smith had a sore eye as long as she lived. It would heal and break, and at times she could see a little, and then would close entirely and run matter. For thirty-four years she suffered from this until her death. These Jubolas, Jubolums and Jubolems' fight over, the men retired to an elevated piece of ground, about 250 yards away, and then, with demoniac oaths, ordered Smith to leave the territory in three days or he should die. Tom Arnold, of Franklin, was the leader of this mob.

CHAPTER VI.

INSURED TO LIVE A CENTURY.

When Humphrey Smith had gone to foreign lands, in the fall of 1819, Mrs. Smith and her children left Howard County and went to Carroll County. Humphrey Smith came to the same place in November, but had no supplies for the winter. In 1822 the Smith family went to Clay County, the northwest part, now Smithville. Humphrey built those noted saw and grist mills in 1824.



ERASTUS SMITH, Age 65

CALVIN SMITH, Age 92

JEWEL SMITH, Age 32

DELWIN SMITH, Age 7

FOUR GENERATIONS



Now that the Missouri question was settled and Missouri was a slave State, Humphrey Smith was notoriously known as "Yankee" Smith. He had many enemies, especially among the slave-holders. Smith still stuck to his principles, and had many hard struggles and personal conflicts. Now eighty years have passed, and all have gone to the unknown. Humphrey Smith's desire not to have his epitaph written until his country was free was complied with, and it was not until after that had occurred that it was inscribed on a slab stone in Platt County, Missouri, five miles northwest of Smithville. The epitaph, which speaks for itself, is given in another part of this.

From 1822, for forty years I made headway in life. Most of the time my nearest neighbor was eight miles away; the school privileges were poor, indeed. I boarded out, and attended the proverbial log school house. The country soon settled up. I was a farmer, merchant and postmaster for forty years.

In 1849 or thereabouts I united with the Christian Church. When I went to Valley Falls, Kansas, in 1862, I united with the church there.

Upon reaching Kansas City, Mo., I took a letter and united with the church in that city.

On the 13th of April, 1902, I united with the church in Des Moines, Iowa, and am now a member of the same church in Kansas City, Mo.

I took the temperance pledge about fifty years ago, and have kept it. I never drank to excess at any time previous to taking the pledge. I voted to make the State of Kansas a prohibition State in her altered Constitution. About twenty years ago I took a volunteer pledge, by advice of Dr. G. B. Hanawalt, my nephew, of Des Moines, Iowa, not

to chew tobacco or smoke. He said if I would obey this pledge that he would insure me to live 100 years. I have pledged myself to this now. I never did chew tobacco, but I did smoke cigars moderately. So here I am now, with about eight years to make out my hundred years, in reasonable good health and still keeping the pledge.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BORDER RUFFIAN WAR.

During the border ruffian war in Kansas in 1856 I took over about 100 head of cattle to graze on Slough Creek, Jefferson County, Kansas. I left them in care of Colonel Henry Owens. The struggle was so fierce between the Free State men and the Pro-Slavery men that the colonel and his family came back to Clay County to wait a more pacific time before returning to Kansas. In August Colonel Owens and myself went to Kansas to look after the cattle. The stock was scattered all over the prairies. The country was much agitated by the raids of freebooters of both parties. We first became prisoners by being captured by Colonel Harvey, a leading and determined Free State man and the right bower of James H. Lane, afterwards United States Senator. Harvey had about sixty-five earnest men, eight or ten of whom we were well acquainted with.

After a full and free explanation Colonel Harvey directed that we should return to Oscaloosa, Kansas, which we did the same day, stopping at Old Man Stags, or near his residence, where there were thirty-seven Alabamians returning from Lawrence. They, with others, had burned the Eldridge Hotel, and had as booty about forty horses and eight or ten wagonloads of plunder.

Right here I wish to say that Colonel Harvey was loaded with thirty or forty horses and eight or ten wagonloads of plunder, he having robbed all the stores on Stranger River for twenty-five miles up and down—Pro-Slavery storekeepers, of course. The two parties were about fifteen miles apart, but had no knowledge of each other's positions.

Now was my time, I being opposed to the border ruffian invasion of the territory, and really in favor of the Free State party. We (Colonel Owens and myself) visited the ruffians' camp just at dusk of evening.

Old Dr. Jesse Newel, living in Oscaloosa town, one mile and a half away, came along as he was returning from Osaukie, where he had been on business. I took him to one side, knowing him to be a strong Free State man from Oscaloosa, Mahasky County, Iowa. Knowing him to be a stout-hearted, determined man, who would fight, I told him of Colonel Harvey's position, and what he was doing, and suggested he send his son, John Newel, to advise Colonel Harvey of this border ruffian outfit and camp.

Dr. Newel at first rather flinched, saying if such a thing was found out on him, that he would be murdered by the Pro-Slavery party. I assured him of my true friendship, so, after pledging our Masonic honors as Free and Accepted Masons do when danger might be expected, Dr. Newel left for home.

John Newel, his son, was soon on the road after Colonel Harvey, fifteen miles away. When he reached within seven miles of the camp, at Bill Butler's stage office, Harvey's scouts took in young Newel on the right way. It was Harvey's picket guard, he having moved on eight miles toward Lawrence, where their headquarters were located. The bugle soon gave the call to boots and spurs. By three A. M.

Colonel Harvey and his brigade were at Oscaloosa, and only one and a half miles away the enemy lay in quiet, sound sleep.

Colonel Harvey and his men shot their guns and advanced in battle form, close up to the sleeping foe, the Colonel at the head. The picket, or, rather, camp-guard, was sitting down, nodding, and the Colonel said to him: "Hand me your gun." With that the guard fired, cutting off the little finger of Colonel Harvey. Harvey's whole platoon fired, or part did, overshooting the sleeping foe. Surrender, surrender from sixty-five conquerors, was demanded. Three or four were wounded slightly, one severely shot through the back of the neck and partially paralyzed. He was a Virginian by birth, Pro-Slavery in views.

Day was breaking when the writer and Colonel Henry Owen fled to the brush near-by, half naked. The yard was picketed by Free State men, but we were permitted to go. We soon found that the battle was over, and that a surrender had been made. By 9 A. M. Colonel Harvey lined up his prisoners, paroled them and sent them on, where they had pretended they were going, to Hickory Point, six miles north, hence to Kickapoo, Kansas, near Fort Leavenworth, 30 miles east.

The Colonel retained all the spoils, including 40 or 50 horses and eight or ten wagons loaded with plunder. The Pro-Slavery men had taken these when at Lawrence, at the same time that they burned the Eldridge Hotel. He also secured all of their guns, ammunition, blankets, etc. Colonel Harvey and his company were soon on their way to Lawrence, 25 miles away.

At Hickory Point a Pro-Slavery camp was stationed so *those* recruits fell in with their confederate friends. They

were mad clean through, many of them being half-naked and naturally ready for another fight. The Free State men gathered around Colonel James H. Lane, who came on the ground with new forces and supplies. Colonel Harvey heard of the battle coming on and retired with blood in his eye. The third day after that Hickory Point was fortified by the border ruffians and neighboring Pro-Slavery men in the country around for ten to twelve miles, and a regular siege was started. As Hickory Point was on level ground, with nothing but the level prairies stretching for many miles, strategy was the next resort of the Free State men. A wagon loaded with baled hay was run backward up against the blacksmith shop and fire was started. The besieged men fired under the backing wagon, hitting the legs of the Free State men. They ran off and left the wagon, so the Pro-Slavery men shot wads of tow, saturated with gunpowder, and burned the wagon and hay. After three days' siege both parties were out of provisions and whisky, shot and ammunition, so white flags were sent out. A compromise was made, and another keg of whisky drank. Friends drew up a contract that the border ruffians and Jim Lane's Chicago stubs were to leave the territory; the settlers were to go home, irrespective of party, and to keep the peace. All signed this. Colonel Harvey started for Lawrence, and after going about ten miles camped for the night. About eight o'clock that night Colonel Sumner, with United States soldiers from Fort Leavenworth, made the sixty-five men prisoners. Quince Grason, a traveling man, had been the guide for the soldiers. During the arrest one of the United States soldiers was killed, but this was an accident. Next morning Colonel Harvey produced the compromise which had been signed by both factions, so Colonel Sumner turned

them all loose. Thus the war was ended north of the Kaw River, although old John Brown was operating in Southeast Kansas.

My position and what I did caused the border ruffians to watch me when the great rebellion came, knowing that I would tell where their places were.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOTED MEN I MET UP TO TIME OF THE CIVIL WAR.

I will now tell of a few of the noted men I knew personally from the time of my childhood up to the great civil war. In 1816 I recollect in the town of Franklin, then the county seat of Howard County, Mo., there lived Colonel Dick Gentry, a leading man in society and politics. In 1819 Colonel Carroll, of St. Louis, Mo., was a candidate as delegate to Congress from the territory of Missouri. Colonel Carroll came up through Missouri, electioneering for Congress on the Free State ticket. He stopped at Franklin and went out to Fort Hemstead, now Fayette, the county seat of Howard County. That evening Richard Gentry went out a few miles on the road toward Fort Hemstead, waiting at the forks of a road until he saw Carroll coming along the road. Gentry then shot Carroll dead. Gentry was a rabid Pro-Slavery man, and nothing was done in the way of prosecution. After this Colonel Dick Gentry never could gain political office, as he was a marked man. In 1835 he raised a regiment of volunteers and went to the war in Florida. At the battle of Okochobee he gained much credit as a brave man, but was killed at the end of the battle.

I knew many of his soldiers, and one man named Battle, who lived in Clinton County, Mo., was also killed in this battle. When Battle fell wounded he called for water, and al-

though the volunteers had fallen back John Engarard heard the wails for water. He swore that a comrade should not die for want of water, and although contrary to orders, he said: "Orders or no orders, he would get a dying man water." And he did, and after that put Battle on his shoulder and brought him back to the lines. Battle died a few moments after.

Nick Buckheart was a delegate to the convention that made Missouri a State, and I knew both him and his family well. Nick ran on the Pro-Slavery ticket.

I knew Judge Arixson, of Howard County, Mo., who about the year 1816 was a wealthy farmer, speculator and contractor. His son-in-law, Colonel Tarlton Turner, was also a rich man and had large contracts for surveying. His parents were Tories in the revolutionary war. He was named after Colonel Tarlton, of the Red Coats, of the battle of Cowpens, in North Carolina. Colonel Tarlton Turner's father had died before the revolutionary war was over, hence the Government could not confiscate his estate. For the part taken by his relatives in that war Tarlton Turner was ostracized by society.

When the war of 1812 broke out Tarlton Turner, feeling that the Turner family must do something to redeem their name, raised a regiment of 1000 men at his own expense, costing him thirty thousand dollars. He went to Washington and presented them ready for service to President Madison. The President accepted the men and appointed Tarlton Turner colonel of the regiment. They fought through the war with honor, and after it was over Colonel Tarlton Turner received many big contracts from the Government. I knew him personally and often heard he and my father talk over

the war of 1812, he coming to our house frequently to buy stock from my father.

I knew Colonel Thomas H. Benton and heard him make many speeches. I approved of his services in the United States Senate, and in his latter terms Benton was a great statesman. Some said he was a leader of a party without principle. If that be so he changed his principles or party, for he opposed the repeal of the Missouri compromise and other measures.

I knew Colonel A. W. Doniphan for twenty years, and was impressed with his noted campaign in old Mexico. I also knew many of his volunteer soldiers. I was also well acquainted with Senator David R. Atchison, knowing him for many years. I also knew Willard P. Hall, Governor of Missouri.

For many years I was a personal friend of Colonel Loane, afterwards General Loane and Congressman. He was the man that delivered the celebrated speech, the keynote of which was "a rebel had no rights which a Union man should respect."

I knew General Atkinson, of the United States army, the hero of 1814, at the battle of Rock Island, on the Upper Mississippi. In 1823 he visited Smithville while on a tour of inspection to Council Bluffs. He had about twenty soldiers with him. The same year Major Foster, from Council Bluffs, visited our house. He had his wife and daughter with him. Joseph Roubideaux, the founder of St. Joseph, visited us in the same year. He was on his way to the Upper Missouri River, trapping and trading.

I also knew Gene Ashley, who took a party of 130 men through the mountains of Oregon and British America. While on one of these trapping trips he had been robbed by British

fur traders, and he was pursued through California. Ashley afterwards went to St. Louis, married a young woman and went to Congress. He stopped at our house once, and something that impressed itself on my memory was the fact that my father sold him a beef steer.

I knew Colonel Sam Owens, of Independence, Mo., well, and of course knew thousands of business men, for I was engaged in mercantile business for over forty years at Smithville, Mo. I ran the valuable mills that my father had built there. They were built in 1824, and have been burned down twice.

I knew hundreds of eminent lawyers, doctors, judges and wealthy farmers, and, being an active business man, I was brought into personal contact with them. Of the founders of the town of Smithville and its mills I am the only one left.

CHAPTER IX.

THE OPENING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

At this late date I start in to write a recollection of the late civil war. The secessionist slave-holders of the slave States said: "A Southern slave-holder with Southern views should be elected President of the United States, or there would come a separation of the States." There were a number of candidates—Mr. Abraham Lincoln, on the Republican ticket; Stephen A. Douglass, Democrat; Bell and Everett, Whig, and Breckenridge, Secesh Democrat and Disunionist. It looked like a forlorn hope. At the election the judge, Thomas J. Gunn, chairman of the Board of Electors, said to Smith, "We have no electors entered on our poll-books for Abraham Lincoln, but if you wish we will place electors on the book that you may vote your sentiments." I replied: "I was long an old-time Whig, and would vote for Bell and

Everett on the Whig ticket." I was fully aware of the fact that the great Whig party had added a plank of Freedom to their great protective tariff principle.

On or about the last of December, 1860, there was a meeting at the school house in Smithville. I happened to be out of town that day. The meeting was at 8 P. M., and I got home about 7, and was eating my supper when a delegation came after me from the political meeting. I suspected a "hen on," but I went, under protest from my wife.

There had been much street talk on secession, Mr. "Abe" Lincoln having been elected President for four years, commencing March 4, 1864. When I reached the school house, in which the town meeting was being held, it seemed as if all were awaiting my arrival. I was called to the speakers' stand at once, having been told that South Carolina had seceded and gone out of the Union. I made a short address. I said that I had often been fishing in streams of water and saw chub fish jump out of the water, but they fell back soon. I also said that history told us that no nation that dealt in slaves lived long. The Pharoahs failed, also the Babylonians, while the slaves of Rome burnt her up, after slaughtering old and young. Age had been no excuse for sparing life. The South had the Grecian horse of slavery in her borders, and I looked upon this movement as a bluff for more territory for the extension of slavery. I was for peace and the Union as it is, with no change.

This roused a few to say it was the duty of every man to stand firm for Southern rights, but the majority said that we, of the border, had best be quiet.

Shortly after this the "Secesh" raised a company of 84 mounted horse guards to resist Lincoln soldiers. Colonel Cramer, in Northern Missouri, had raised a regiment an

was bearing down on St. Joseph. Robert Fleming, a Union man, called for volunteers as home guards. I joined the 50 or 60 men, all of whom were unarmed. Captain Theodore Duncan, of the Mounted Rebels (for that was just what they were), sent his adjutant with a written notice to Captain Bob Fleming to dismiss his men or he would charge on them with horse. Fleming read the notice to his men and said that without arms we could do nothing before these mounted and sabred cavalymen, so let us adjourn until armed. So mote it be.

Next the Secesh robbed the United States Arsenal at Liberty, taking cannon, small arms and an immense amount of powder and other accoutrements of war. They stored much of this between Liberty and St. Joseph, and also in the vicinity of Smithville.

Then the Union forces drove the rebels out of St. Joseph and also Clay County, but the rebs failed to take many of the stolen arms that they had hidden.

CHAPTER X.

PETE LIZAR'S SISTER-IN-LAW'S PENSION.

As exciting news came the town of Smithville was ablaze with excitement. After President Lincoln took his seat, in Washington, daily meetings were held to talk politics, and about the war. "Secesh" men were organizing companies everywhere, and at all these meetings I stood out for the Union.

On April 1, 1861, President Lincoln issued an order that no disloyal man should receive any public money. All would have to take the oath of loyalty before they could receive any pay or have any recognition of any claim.

One day in came Pete Lizar, a neighbor, and he said to me, "Smith, my sister-in-law, who is a widow, lost her husband from the injuries he received in the Mexican war and we all think her claim is good for a pension."

Being in that business I listened to the facts as he told them and then said: "Yes, there will be no trouble to get a pension for her. Bring your sister-in-law here to-morrow morning, and I will have all the papers ready. Bring along at least two witnesses who know of the facts."

He said: "I can bring a dozen witnesses if you want them."

I replied: "The more the better, but, Uncle Peter, the law requires all claimants and witnesses to be Union men and women. No secessionists can have a hearing or have a claim allowed."

Lizar said: "We are all for the union, of course we are."

Now in my heart I knew I had scored much for myself, the neighborhood and the Union, for all these were rough fighting men and must be, if possible, on the side of the Union. The next day all of a dozen of Lizar's sons, nephews and friends came with the widow to prove her claim. I had the papers already for signature and made each one take an oath of allegiance to the Union. A justice of the peace took the acknowledgments, and I hurried off to Liberty to have the county seal attached. Then I wrote a long letter to the pension agent of the importance of having early action on this, as all of these parties were of much interest to the Union, as in our section Union men seemed to be in the minority. I wanted to hold all that I could for the Union, and as the men were of fighting stock I had all confidence in the pledge they had taken.

In about ten days the petition papers came back, allowing twelve dollars a month, I think. However, the Lizar boys were soon Union soldiers and took part in many battles. One was shot in the eye and the bullet came out at the back of his head, for which he received a pension, and another one was shot in the throat, but recovered. Lizar himself went to the front with his nephews. I claim some credit for this.

CHAPTER XI.

LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION FOR A DAY OF PRAYER.

In the meantime President Lincoln had proclaimed a day of solemn prayer for the preservation of the Union. At our church in Smithville a crowd thronged from morning until late evening. Late in the afternoon I ventured in. Brother Alex. Duncan noted my presence and called me up. After some waiting the calls came rapidly and I arose and made a short speech, saying in short that "you have called the powers that be a renegade party of abolitionists seeking to destroy the South and her institutions, and that murder and rapine is the end and aim. I say to you this violation of the Federal compact is a Southern move to break the Union, unite with Mexico and Central American for a grand despotic oligarchy." This caused hisses, and some left the house. I was alone. I had shown my hand, and I added, "Yes, gentlemen, before September these streets will be tramped by dragoon, horse and rattling saber."

The rebels congregated on the south side of the Missouri River on the Little Blue, where they were stampeded. Captain Theodore Duncan was killed and his company returned to Smithville temporarily demoralized. A camp of instruction was formed to collect the scattered forces. The

battle of Springfield was fought, then Carthage. Mulligan surrendered at Lexington; confusion reigned in many places.

Judge Leonard and Senator David R. Atchison had left St. Joseph, also Colonel Boyd, with two or three skeletons of rebel regiments for Southern Missouri to join Price, the great leader in this section of the "Secesh" army. Many returning rebels went into the brush and continued to wage independent war in many places in Platt, Clay, Clinton and Ray counties. I was watching the movement. Colonel Boyd said I was a dangerous man in the rear and proposed to take me South, but by this time the Southern sympathizers at home wanted to court friendship with Union men, and Dr. Robinson and Colonel Lewis Wood, noted Secessionists, told Colonel Boyd and other passing Confederates to leave me alone or otherwise the Southern sympathizers at home would be destroyed by the Union soldiers.

Now I wrote to St. Joseph, the Union forces having gotten possession of that city and also of the Hannibal-St. Joseph Railroad. That report of mine brought the Sixteenth Illinois Regiment down on a raid through Buchanan, Platte and the southern part of Clay County to Liberty, and back to St. Joseph through Smithville over the route taken by the rebels at the time they left Liberty after raiding the arsenal there. I pointed out the places where the hidden arms and ammunition lay and a half dozen wagon loads were gathered up. On this raid one Union soldier was killed at Platte City by a rebel sharp-shooter in ambush.

It was claimed the Union soldiers made a successful campaign in the matter of booty. Every house was searched for arms, which was taken when found, and all horses and mules were confiscated if it was suspected they had been *used* for rebel purposes; this resulted in a grand haul and

the Union soldiers were loaded with booty. Many citizens followed to prove their loyalty and recover their goods. I was under requisition to help many, which I did. Preston Aker lost \$500 to \$800 worth of clothing and other merchandise; some of it was recovered, but the most was lost.

CHAPTER XII.

MY LETTER TO GENERAL PRENTISS.

An Iowa regiment, on its way down from Plattsburgh, got into an engagement at Blue Mill Landing, Clay County. About ten men were killed, and fifteen or twenty, who were wounded, were left at William Jewell College in Liberty. This Iowa regiment returned to Smithville and then went to Kansas City, thence to Leavenworth and on to St. Joseph. They helped themselves to all the horses they could find on their travels. The regiment was in command of Colonel Scott, of Des Moines, afterward Governor or Lieutenant Governor of Iowa. Then Major Joseph came down from St. Joseph, through Plattsburg to Platt City.

He was seeking Cy Gordon, a desperate "Secesh," who had organized a party from Todd's Creek and other places. Major Joseph's party made a halt in Smithville. At Platte City they captured a hundred or more prisoners and thought they had Cy Gordon, so the major made me separate the citizens from those he had charges against.

You see now I was noted for my position, all knew I was guiding the Union soldiers. I released most of the prisoners from the court house the first night. Mr. Paxton was among those corralled in the court house. He called me and said his mill would run empty and wished me to have him released at once that he might attend to his mill. I did so at once. He told me Cy Gordon was in the court

house, a prisoner. Gordon had killed several Union men and Major Joseph would have hanged him on the spot. Paxton knew this. I begged him to point Cy Gordon out to me, but he refused, saying the rebels would burn his mill in less than a week if he did so. After all, Gordon made his escape and shot several Union pickets that night.

Now by this time things were at fever heat. By the last of November or first of December returning rebels were thick everywhere, raising new recruits for Price's army which was camped on the Osage River ten or twenty thousand strong.

In Liberty Captain James Ford and Captain James Moore each had companies of 60 men camped in the court house square. At the old Judy place five miles south of Smithville were commissary stores. The war spirit was up.

This was my time. I knew it all. I had several horses stolen and cattle killed. I wanted to have all the rebels swept from the north side of Missouri River, killed or imprisoned. I sat down one morning and made a list of every enemy in the country, naming each and giving their location, also naming the rebel camps and how many quartermaster stores were collecting for General Price's army south of the Missouri River. I had previously sent in a partial report to St. Joseph by mail, but fearing it might have miscarried I made this other report. I advised General Prentiss to push on down to Smithville and Liberty, and to lose no time. The "Secesh" thought it was best to start me out of the country and violently attacked me one night. Knives and weights were in requisition, but luckily no one was hurt. This pitched battle was for my benefit. It was led by Dr. Patton.

Coming back to my eight-page report: I spent most of *the day* on it. Then I was frightened. I dare not trust it in

the mails, for if intercepted it meant death for me. So I took it out the back way into the orchard and covered it over as a lion would his uneaten dinner, then innocently went down town contemplating the future. I peered down the long stretching street and saw a Mr. Hutchens, a true blue Union man, coming into town. I advanced to meet him and after salutation told him my troubles and determination and of my buried report and its contents in part, of which the main object was to destroy those rebel camps and stores. Hutchens said: "Smith, I am going to St. Joseph to-night," and I replied that was just the thing, as I feared the mails. I went at once and got my report and he slipped it in his pocket and went home. The next night General Prentiss occupied comfortable quarters in my home and four thousand soldiers camped in and around Smithville. General Prentiss had received my first letter, sent by mail, and acted on its advice.

His coming to Smithville was entirely unexpected and he drove the seceders to the south in front of him and took a number of prisoners who were confined in my storehouse. Among the crowd of prisoners was old Bill Byrd, a man of seventy-two. I took pity on the old man, I know not why, and appealed to the general to let him go. Out of gratitude for what I had done this was agreed to and Byrd was brought into the house to be questioned. As the general interrogated the old prisoner he learned something of the old man's relations and found to his surprise that Billy Byrd and he were full cousins. The scene was a pathetic one, a Northern general and a Southern prisoner embracing, and both in tears. The general soon regained his dignity and said that he was going to show no favors to relatives, and that if he released him it would only be on account of Smith asking for it and because of his gratitude to Smith. The old man pleaded to be

given his team and to be released. After a few moments' consideration the general told him to go home and he would send his team later by Byrd's two boys, who were also prisoners.

The court-martial was a trying one for Smith. All of the prisoners were taken to the Court House in the county seat of Clay County, which was Liberty. As each neighbor was arraigned Smith was asked to pronounce him a "Union" or "Secesh" man.

A long time afterwards I heard from Hutchens how he had taken the dispatches. It seems after taking my report he had gone to his home a half mile in the country, and after dark returned to Smithville and went out to Eleven Thatcher's farm two miles south of town, got in his barn and found a new saddle and bridle in a tub of wheat. He clapped the saddle onto a five-year-old horse, worth (the owner declared) \$175, and rode down through Smithville, just at day-break. That morning 22 miles out, at the crossing of a small stream called Malden, Hutchens was halted by General Prentiss' pickets and declaring that he was the bearer of dispatches for the commanding general he was taken to that officer's tent, where orders were given that he and his horse be fed. This was done, and Hutchens went on to St. Joseph and crossed the river to Elwood, Kansas, where he sold the horse, saddle and bridle for \$140. This money he brought home and gave to his wife, who had five little children. He then went to Weston, in Platte County, and enlisted in the Union service, participating later in the battle of Donaldsonville, at Shilo and at Pittsburg Landing, serving the term of his enlistment, and then came back. The Union soldiers had in the meantime taken his wife and children away, to *Weston*, I believe.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PRENTISS RAID.

From Smithville General Prentiss threw out two wings of his army; one went east and one south—the main force took the centre. They had taken 75 or 100 prisoners before they reached Smithville and this last day's drag made an awful havoc among the rebels and their sympathizers. The prisoners were all taken to Liberty. I was sent for and a court-martial was called to dispose of their cases. The court-martial was held under turn key.

The first night Prentiss' troops were in Smithville commissary stores to the value of ten thousand dollars were taken, including horses and mules, and one man, Samuel Bodyston, was killed. He had been in the rebel army and would not halt when ordered to do so. Fifteen or twenty prisoners were also taken. I was blamed for this Union raid.

In the court house square at Liberty, General Prentiss' forces captured Captain James Ford and sixty men and Captain James Moore, ex-sheriff of Clay County, and sixty men, besides two hundred or more "Secesh" soldiers, many of whom had just returned from General Price's army which was encamped on the Osage River to the south of the Missouri. I had listed the most of these, so the Union general knew whom he had. At the court-martial I was advocate for the Union and upon my decision the prisoner would be set free or detained as the case might be.

"What shall be done with this prisoner?"

"Let him take the oath of loyalty and go home."

"What shall be done with this one?"

"Take him to Alton Penitentiary."

"And what shall be done with this one?"

"Let him give bonds for the faithful performance of his Union obligations."

And so on until the end, and the mourners' bench was full of penitents.

The next day General Prentiss made a speech from the court house steps, declaring many of the truest Union men in the West were in Missouri. "Yes, from your own midst, I knew of the 'Secesh' movements here before I left St. Joseph. Three days ago, in fact, I was fully advised as I came along of your names, and many of your residences were pointed out to me. Don't believe that you are a unit here; a strong Union element exists right in your midst and your movements are closely watched and reported to headquarters. You had better return to loyalty and cast away the idea of secession." And he added much more to his talk.

Now Mat Miller, Ike McCarty and a half dozen other rebels took me out to one side and said to me the next day after the speech (Miller being the spokesman): "Smith, we heard Prentiss' speech yesterday. We don't know anybody smart enough to report the movement of the Southern army but you, and we know you are d—n rascal enough to do it, and we're going to have your scalp. We will have General Price send for it."

As Woods said when he applied to General Jackson for a pardon and it was denied him: "My grave appeared in view." I went immediately home and sent for Al Owens and told him I might have to go on an instant warning, and if so thought of going to Des Moines, Iowa, and for him to advise me of the secessionists' movements and to give me due and timely notice of the approach of the enemy.

A few days later I was advised by John W. Duncan of *the detail* General Price had dispatched to arrest me.

And

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW I LEFT SMITHVILLE.

From information received by me I know that General Price's charges against me were; giving aid and comfort to the enemy in the field, assisting thereby the Union forces under command of General Prentiss in raiding the counties of Buchanan, Platt and Clay, causing great loss to the Southern army; also in giving aid and information to Major Joseph, of the Second Iowa, and to the Sixteenth Illinois, causing death to many as well as great loss to private citizens, especially those of secession principles, and terrorizing the citizens in the name of serving the Union. The detail sent to effect my arrest and removal to Price's camp left there on or about the 10th of December, 1861. John W. Duncan got a furlough and accompanied the squad as far as the Missouri River, but as the river was full of floating ice and there was a scarcity of boats the squad did not get across at once. Duncan's wife was sick and he left the party at the river, managed to get across and pushed on home, some hours ahead of Major Savory's squad. He found me at once after his arrival in Smithville and apprised me of my danger of arrest. The next morning, December 12, I left Smithville in a two-horse buggy, taking with me \$2900 in Platte County Railroad bonds drawing 10 per cent. interest—worth all told \$4600.

A peculiar incident in connection with these bonds was the fact that they were practically lost for five years. Upon reaching Des Moines I went to Allen's Bank there to deposit them. Mr. Allen was busy at the time and gave me no deposit slip or other receipt, simply laying the bundle up on top of the vault. I left the bank and five years later sent Colonel Henry Owen to the bank after them. Mr. Allen

denied any knowledge of the bonds, having forgotten my having been in the bank, nor having any recollection of the package. Colonel Owen told Mr. Allen that I had said that he (Allen) had laid the bonds up on top of the vault, and Allen reached up and brought them down, remarking: "Here they are now." The bonds were all there and had evidently not been moved since they were laid there five years previously.

My trip overland to Des Moines was a cold one, a snow storm meeting me on the way. I spent the greater part of the winter in Des Moines and then returned to Missouri. The war was still on, though the rebels had moved further south and Pea Ridge, near the southern line of the State, was the scene of activities. Donaldsonville and Pittsburg Landing, in Tennessee, were in the death struggles. So I had time to arrange my affairs to leave the State permanently, and this time I went to Kansas, arriving there July 24, 1862, and remaining a resident of that State over twenty years, then moved to Kansas City with \$20,000.

When I left Missouri in 1862 for Valley Falls, Kansas, I owned 100 head of cattle, 35 mules and ten slaves, besides much household goods. I set the slaves free—they were valued in those days at \$10,000. I also sacrificed and lost as much as \$10,000 more.

If I sav it myself, I was a Union man and kept the army posted as to where the rebels were moving or skulking. My position was a central one, covering 35 to 50 miles of country, and I made good use of it for a year and a half, when I was compelled to leave the State the 24th day of July, 1862. But I was long known to be a Clay Whig, opposed to the "border ruffian war" and the invasion of the territory of *Kansas* by armed ruffians. A Fremont Republican, op-

posed to secession. All my kin folks on both sides were Union. Many went to the front.

At the end of the war, in 1865, the Union debt was three billion dollars, the Confederacy was bankrupt and four million slaves were free.

CHAPTER XV.

JOINING THE UNION LEAGUE.

In the spring of 1862 after my return from my Iowa exile to Smithville one day I thought I would go up to Ridgely, Platte County, Mo., six miles distant, where many active Union men lived. I saw many people there, mostly strangers, some of them carrying guns.

One man, with a gun on his shoulder, walked up to me and said: "You are Mr. Smith, are you?" I said, "Yes." Then he said: "You are requested to come up to the hall."

We started at once for the Old Masonic Lodge. We went up the outside stairs and at the top there was a soldier standing with a gun. There were a few questions, a knock on the door and then we entered. There was a large company present. Benjamin Smithey was at the head of the table and Ephraim Fitzgerald at the other end.

Smithey said: "Smith, we sent for you. This is a Union Lodge of loyal men who have found it necessary to organize and unite for the defense of the nation against its enemies, who are now in the field, rebellious, in fact. We are advised and know you to be a Union man and it is advisable to know each other on the highways. We have organized this Union Lodge, having a charter from the State Lodge of Missouri. If you will sign this roll and take the pledge or oath of loyalty you can be one of us."

I signed and kneeled at the altar. The oath ran about this wise: "To defend the Government of the United States

against all enemies, sacrificing property and life if necessary to preserve the Federal Union of States, to put down this and all other rebellions."

The passwords, signs and grips were then imparted. The form of challenge was: "Have you seen Sam?" and the answer was: "I have," if a Union man. The next speech would be: "And will draw Washington's sword?" If a Union soldier you would say: "And have drawn Washington's sword."

Then the two would advance, lock arms and one would say: "Union," and the other: "Forever," and then separate.

The foregoing is some of the Union pledge to support the Union, so now I properly belong to the Union League, voluntarily and in full fellowship of Ridgely Lodge, and I have kept the pledge still steadfast.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ESCAPE OF TINSLEY.

James H. Tinsley, of Ridgely, who was a rebel under oath and bond to keep the Union and not to aid or abet the rebels in any way, had a narrow escape in July, 1862. This was just before I left for Kansas. Three or four men, one a Union soldier, Bob McMillen, a brave man, came to see Bob Fleming about punishing Tinsley for planning and introducing a company of rebels encamped on Todd's Creek in Platte County to destroy the Union Camp at Ridgely. The object of the raid would be to get about 27 horses that were being cared for by a few Union soldiers. Bob Fleming was inquiring into the circumstances and I discovered that Tinsley might be guilty or might not, so I nudged Fleming's foot. *He took my view and asked for twenty-four hours' time to make some further inquiries.* The next day, Monday, was





fixed to punish Tinsley, if guilty, so I went home that evening on Sunday night, and on my way met a sympathizer of the South, a semi-reb, and told him there was "a hen on" and Tinsley was accused of being the cause of the attempt to rob the stable at Ridgely, which had only been prevented by a terrible wind and rain storm. Tinsley left home that night for St. Joseph and did not return until after the war was over.

Fifteen years after I met Tinsley and he asked me who the parties were that were going to punish him, and I refused to tell him and he was angry until I said: "Tinsley, those men would kill you to-day if you raised a row about it."

Then Tinsley explained the whole affair to me. I believed him. He said the Rebs took shelter in his barn during the terrible storm that night and he was entirely ignorant that they were coming on the expedition. Then I was glad I did as I did.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHARGES MADE AGAINST ME.

About May, 1862, when I got back from Des Moines, where I fled the previous December, Major P. M. Savery and five others were detailed to bring me to headquarters of General Price to answer charges which had been made against me. The attempted arrest was caused by "Secesh" Mat Miller, Ike McCarty and many others of Liberty. Miller told me the charges were: First, I was a coward; second, an abolishinist; third, an enemy of the Southern confederacy; fourth, a spy in the rear of the Confederate army. I was also told that General Price would get my scalp. I fled one hour ahead of their arrival. The detail from rebel general Price's command, rode up to my home one hour after

I had left for Des Moines. Three dismounted, one running to the west side of the house and the other to the east, while the other one went to the door and knocked. My wife in reply to his inquiry invited him to come in, which he did, and on inquiring for me she told him I had gone out. Dr. Snail on being asked where I was, replied: "He was here at breakfast." The three men leading their horses then went to the drug store. Mrs. Smith in the meantime had sent Sam, the colored man, to Al. Owens, who lived about two miles away. He came at once, met the detail and inquired how "our" party was getting along at the same time inviting them to drink. When dinner was ready, Mrs. Smith, through Al. Owens, invited them to sit down. After remaining in and about the house for three days they left for General Price's headquarters. They were crossing the Blue River, four miles east of Kansas City, when they ran into a scouting party of Kansas soldiers. Two were captured and the other four got away. The captured men were taken to a camp near Independence, where a court-martial was held. They admitted that they were Southern soldiers, without uniforms, armed and privately spying over on the north side of the River at Smithville. This was the end of the court-martial. Next morning the company started on a march, leaving the prisoners under a guard, who were ostensibly to bring them along later. They were both shot. Word was sent to Liberty and a brother of one of our men, Mr. Stark, told me that he had the men buried at Big Shoal Meeting House in Clay County.

In reference to the charges that were to be brought against me, I deny one of them, "that I was in the rear of *the Confederate army.*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

VIEWS OF THE REBELLION.

The first two years of my life was spent in the State of New York, the next three years in Howard County, Missouri, the next two years in Carroll County, Missouri, and when eight years old my father's family came to Clay County, where I lived for forty years and where my life's struggles really began—where the great rebellion stalked abroad. "To arms, ye brave!" "Liberty or death," the French motto; "Union and liberty for all."

Two million men enlisted in the Union army, one million were discharged after four years' struggle. The war was ended. The Rebel hosts were never numbered to a certainty, but it is supposed a million and a quarter is near the correct number. In round numbers the death roll was near a million lost on both sides—in Union and "Secesh." The Union loss was somewhat larger than the loss on the secession side—perhaps fifty thousand greater. Over one hundred thousand emancipated slaves were enlisted in the Union army—seventy-five thousand were discharged.

Speaking of the war of 1861-1865 the border States suffered severely by returning guerillas, remembering they were forced South into the Southern Confederacy. The Union men of the border, not enlisted men, aided and assisted the Union soldiers to rid the State of rebel "bushwhackers." This was natural for Union citizens to rid the country of the enemies of the State. The feelings were embittered and cruel all around, causing relatives and friends serious trouble.

Now that the flag of the country floats over a Union of States in which there is not a single slave, the incidents of the war linger in the canvas of memory as fading pictures. I can now afford to confess that I did send information to General Prentiss of which I was accused, and believe that in doing so I helped the Government.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STORY OF SEBREE SMITH.

When the Civil War was on, in June or July, the Government gave orders that all citizens should hoist Union flags, the Stars and Stripes, over their front doors. This order came from Washington and was seconded by the Gamble Government at Jefferson City. The "Secesh" citizens vowed they would not. I was willing, but did not have a flag. My oldest son was in Iowa, my next son in a railroad store, my oldest daughter in a seminary, so that only left myself, wife and the smaller children at home. Sebree Smith, a boy of ten, was one of these. I was away from home for a few days about this time, and Sebree got a few yards of bunting (calico), red, white and blue, about ten yards. He cut and tore it to suit and formed a flag about three feet wide and about nine feet long. He sewed it up well and fixed stars and stripes on it. He attached a staff to it and then climbed up a walnut tree in the front yard of our house, fastened it to a limb about 25 feet up in the air. Then he let the flag float to the breeze. This soon attracted the attention of the "Secesh" boys of the town and they came and fired a volley of stones at the flag. One stone went through the flag, tearing a large hole in it. It was torn from the staff, but caught on a lower limb, where it hung for three years.

Sebree, who ran out to protect the flag, had to go in the house, as the boys were firing stones at him.

His mother came out and protested, but the young boys only replied by another shower of stones. Then Mrs. Smith went to the corner of the yard, about forty yards away, and called on Col. Lewis Wood and Dr. A. M. Robinson. Wood was a Southern man not in favor of war, and Robinson a

rebel. Both men helped to drive the boys away and peace was restored. I came home in the evening and saw the flag, and honored the boy for his bravery and interest in his country.

Twelve months afterward I located at Valley Falls, Kansas. Senator James H. Lane often stopped with me for a day or two. Sidney Clark, a member of Congress often stopped with me there while he was electioneering. The flag story was often told there.

When Sebree Smith was fifteen years old a vacancy occurred in West Point Military Academy. This appointment was given Sebree Smith for his bravery. He passed the examination, was four years a student, graduated with an average of 90. In 1870 he was second lieutenant of the Sixth Cavalry, six years with the Second Artillery, acted as first lieutenant for near 20 years, then as captain. When the Spanish War broke out he was with the Third Artillery, was sent from Fort Warren, Boston, to Fort Stevens, at the mouth of the Columbia River, where he was taken sick and sent to the United States Hospital in Washington. He was notified by the Adjutant General to apply for Major, but was too sick. He died in Washington, and is buried in Arlington Cemetery.

Thirty-two years after Sebree Smith had been appointed to West Point he was captain of Third Artillery. He had a son eighteen years of age who wanted an appointment as a cadet at West Point. His appointment could only come through the President, as his father was not a citizen of any Congressional district. William McKinley was a candidate for President. I met him and made a short statement in the presence of Webster Davis, then Mayor of Kansas City, Mo., and many others.

In my introduction to Mr. McKinley I said: "When you come to your kingdom I shall more fully explain my claims for my grandson's appointment to West Point as a cadet."

"What is that you say?" said Mr. McKinley.

I replied: "When you are elected President of these United States."

Two years afterwards the time had come. Web Davis and Congressman Broderick, of Kansas, a personal friend of the family, took up the matter of Captain Sebree Smith's petition and my own petition and request for the appointment of my grandson as a cadet at West Point and gave in part the claims the Smith family had on the Union of these United States. It detailed the Smithville, Mo., incident which was almost a tragedy. I added this honorable, just recompense was due, I really thought, and not unreasonable to give Selwyn D. Smith, my grandson, this honor.

These papers were carried to President McKinley. Mr. Broderick told me that he scanned them over and then said: "File these papers in the War Office where I can refer to them when needed."

I learned that there were several hundred applications on file for West Point cadetships and only six could be appointed each year by the President. I believe that since then the power to appoint has been raised. There were one hundred and two second lieutenants short in 1900; West Point would furnish about seventy, and the balance would be selected from sons of officers who perished in the Spanish War, and from competent enlisted soldiers of the regular army.

In the meantime Selwyn D. Smith was nineteen years of age and he enlisted in the Thirty-fifth Infantry. He went to Manila in 1899. On the 16th of March, 1899, he was appointed *second lieutenant* in the United States army.

I stated in my diatribe to President McKinley that I lost in the Rebellion \$20,000 worth of property at Smithville, Mo., and hence my claim was small considering the dangers I had passed through besides my losses. One tie only had saved my life at a critical time, and that was the tie that none know but the favored few.

CHAPTER XX.

MY POLITICAL SENTIMENTS.

Politically from childhood I was anti-slavery, owing to my father's strong anti-slavery sentiments. In the Missouri question, from 1816 to 1821, with the fiercest part of 1819 when mob violence drove three thousand citizens out of the territory, one-third of whom never returned, my father was what was called a Federalist. He believed in a strong national government, with States secondary, "united we stand, divided we fall," opposed the slave trade as it was carried on with Africa or any other way. I voted for John Adams and John Quincy Adams. These were my first convictions. When Henry Clay in 1844 made his speech at Raleigh, North Carolina, that established my Whig principles beyond change on the tariff question. I had voted for William Henry Harrison on the Whig question before, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Then the next was John C. Fremont in 1856. Then we had no ticket in my State, Missouri. Next, Abraham Lincoln, I failed to vote for him, as we had no electors, so I voted for Bell and Everett. In 1864 I voted for Abraham Lincoln. In Valley Falls, Kansas, I voted for General Grant twice. I voted for Hayes, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, always voting true American ticket to the last.

My connection with slavery was this. None of the six Smith brothers ever sold a slave. It was against their creed.

As a matter of compulsion and necessity they were kept for work, but given compensation; and as for the buying of them, that was for the same reason, to get their services, and not for traffic.

All got their freedom without Mr. Lincoln's proclamation. Voluntarily all of the slaves were turned loose and sent to freedom.

CHAPTER XXI.

AS A MASON AND KNOW-NOTHING.

About fifty years ago I was made a Free Mason in the Ridgely, Missouri, lodge of Free and Ancient Masons. After some years we organized a lodge of Free Masons in Smithville. I was one of the charter members. The lodge flourished for some years, when the war of the rebellion came on like a cyclone. Some of the brethren were for Union, some for secession. So brethren disagreed out of the lodge and on the street. In the lodge we said brethren should agree in and out of the lodge. But a storm was too plainly brewing and the shock was at hand; so we passed a resolution to surrender our charter back to the Grand Lodge of the State of Missouri, instructing our secretary to send the charter and jewels to the Grand Lodge. This was in October, 1861, or thereabout. Ten years later I obtained a demit from the Grand Lodge of the State of Missouri at St. Louis. I still have my demit. I am an unaffiliated Mason now; I still have my working tools and laboring and dress aprons.

In 1853 or about that date I was in St. Louis when the Whig party thought the American idea would strengthen their political force and power. A new order was started which was called the "Know-Nothings," a rather private society. This fad raged a few years, but failed in its aims.

I united with this party in St. Louis. It was for Americans to rule America, no foreign born to hold office, the same rule as applies to President of the United States. I don't think that so far this rule is necessary in the United States.

CHAPTER XXII.

SPORTING EXPERIENCE.

In the early thirties there were many sporting men. There were from twenty to thirty leaders, five from Richmond, Ray County, Mo., with many followers, eager for business. The leaders were Ance and Bill Martin, brothers; Wiley Williams, John Brown, Bright Sherwood and George Allen, with many followers. From Liberty, Clay County, Mo., there were Yell Moore and his nephew, Tight Moore; Newman, a tinner; John Baxter and Coleman Younger, who lived ten miles west of Liberty, near Barry. He owned several fine farms there and was leader of the Liberty crowd. This Coleman Younger was the grand-uncle of the Coleman Younger of the present day, now living in Jackson County, Mo. He was one of the three Younger brothers who went through the Civil War on the Confederate side and afterwards were imprisoned in the States Prison of Minnesota.

Another noted sport of those days was Dick Welden from North Grand River. He was always in evidence with a fine stud of horses. On all holidays and on many special days these men would assemble at the race courses and bet their money on the races. At night they would play cards, as that was a favorite method of passing time, and everybody indulged in it. When "green" horses were brought in from the country those who knew how fast the horse could travel would bet their money freely.

This continued for ten years and then the Mexican War scattered the sports, some going to California and others to engage in the war. Others stayed around until the Kansas-Nebraska agitation came up and during the Border Ruffian war sporting of all kinds was wiped out. The preachers of the Northern Methodist Church were also helpful in the breaking up of the sporting. One of the stumbling blocks in their way was old Daddy Whitton from near Excelsior Springs, Clay County. Others who kept up preaching against the evil were old Daddy Isaac Burns, Charley Morris and Ray Taylor, of the forks of Platte, who was a fine singer.

A mob at Missouri City, in Clay County, once notified old Daddy Whitton to stop preaching on the day that he was appointed to preach in that city. A Mr. Sullivan, who was editor of a paper there; young George Wallis and a committee from the town, took the old preacher to one side and read the riot act to him, telling him he should not preach. The old preacher said: "My grandfather was a colonel in the Revolutionary War in 1788 and my father bore an honorable position in the same war and was killed while on duty. I was beside him when he fell and I served out my time. Now I am old and receive a pension of twelve dollars a month, but I am able to preach the Gospel as commanded by Christ, to all the world and I shall. I am now ready to gird on the sword to defend the rights of my country and myself."

As he finished young George Wallis jumped on the old preacher, but Sullivan stopped him saying: "Let us have peace. I don't know, but I may need the prayers of old Daddy Whitton myself."

Old Daddy Whitton used to stop at my house in Smithville and told me the above story. My wife was a warm

friend of the old preacher and used to prevail upon him to preach at Smithville. When the date was set she used to take great pains to notify all her neighbors, so that there would be a big crowd present.

Daddy Whitton married George Allen's widow and moved to Kansas just before the Civil War in 1861. He bought a farm about fifteen miles south of Kansas City. He had some few cattle, horses and other comforts for his own and family use.

Quantrell and his band often passed near the old preacher's house on their way from Kansas to Missouri, but never molested him in any way, always going around the place. It was said that Quantrell, who was from a State north of Mason and Dixons' line, was afraid to molest the old Northern Methodist preacher.

Rev. Charles Morris, the Methodist preacher, was a chaplain in a Union regiment that went from St. Joseph, Mo. While he was with the regiment in Arkansas his wife was taken sick and sent for him to come home. His home was on a farm near the head of Bee Creek, in Platte County, Mo. He brought home with him a negro soldier. A few days after his arrival home his wife died and with the help of the negro soldier Mr. Morris buried her.

They were to start back to headquarters of the army next morning and some rebel bushwackers heard of it and visited the house. They attacked the two defenseless men and killed them. Then they threw the bodies of the old Methodist preacher and the colored soldier into the house and then set fire to the house. The bodies were entirely consumed.

The news created quite a lot of sensation in the immediate vicinity. Charles Morris had two sons stationed in Fort Leavenworth, both being in the Union Army. As soon as

they heard the news they came to Platte City to avenge their father's death. A Doctor Walker, a retired surgeon of the United States Army, was a noted Border Ruffian and he had been one of the crowd that broke up a Methodist camp-meeting conducted under Northern principles by Rev. Charles Morris, Rev. Isaac Burns and another preacher. He lived five miles south of Platte City, on the road leading to Hampton and Parkville, Mo.

To avenge their father's death, and possibly thinking that Doctor Walker was one of the mob that had helped kill their father, the Morris boys took Doctor Walker prisoner at his home, but before they reached Platte City with him they shot and killed him. They then went through Platte City to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, about eight miles distant. Nothing was ever said about this by either side.

At the time the camp-meeting was broken up by Dr. Walker and his crowd Rev. Isaac Burns fled from there and took refuge in my house, where he was cared for and sympathized with by my wife.

From the time I was seventeen until I was twenty-seven there was all sorts of "sport" among the men of the West Cards, wheels of fortune, banking games and horse-racing was indulged in by everyone. I was a looker-on and took a decided interest as a boy of 17. A man from Shenandoah, Virginia, a farmer's son, who had been shown the inside of these games and the advantages, taught me. At that time Hon. Senator Henry Clay, of Kentucky, was very fond of playing "bragg," so all the other Western men took interest in it. I soon took a deep interest in it and as I never turned my back to any I often found it profitable. I never neglected business for sporting, and as I was always sober I could carry the stakes. Business, however, made me stop it, so

when I reached forty no more sporting for me. I went into business, merchandising, farming, stock raising, buying and selling land and met with great success until the Civil War broke out. Then I lost \$20,000, went to Kansas, where I lost \$4000 more. After that I settled down again and left with all debts paid, \$14,000 cash and a \$5000 homestead. My administrator will tell you the final balance sheet.

When I was rather a green-horn in sporting I was in St. Louis, Mo., and started on a steamboat for Liberty Landing. The first day out a number of sharpers started card and dice games on the deck. They kept this up until we got to Boonville, Mo., and many dropped down from the cabin to look on or take a hand. We left Boonville late at night and jogged along the river. Just at daybreak one man who had been playing with the sharpers leaned back to where his wife was sleeping, with her four or five little girls cuddled up close to her, and said: "Anna, I have lost all my money."

The wife jumped up, and, although only clad in one undergarment, which barely reached to the calves of her legs, she at once ran to where the gamblers were playing. She grabbed the sweat cloth, the fare box, dice box, cards, etc., all of the money, paper, gold and silver. This was quite a large amount, as it not only included the winnings, but also the capital. She quickly ran to the forecastle, then upstairs to the clerk's room. The clerk happened to be in, so the woman said: "Here, take this; they have won all our money. We have not paid our fare nor for the freight."

The clerk quickly obeyed orders and put the whole bundle in the safe. One of the head gamblers, who had followed the woman, got there just in time to see the money put in the safe. He at once demanded the return of his money, both from the woman and the clerk, using furious

oaths. The husband of Anna had followed, and the gambler drew a big knife and flashed it in his face and drew it across his throat, while with the most furious oaths he demanded the return of his money. The clerk saw that war was declared, and as the steward was just passing, the clerk told him to call the captain.

As soon as the captain came to the clerk's office the woman commenced telling him: "It was all the money they had in the world, and that they had not paid their freight or passage." The gambler tried to explain, but the woman kept repeating: "It was all the money they had." Her tongue ran like a bell-clapper, repeating the same thing over and over again. The gambler only asked for a fair settlement and to get back his own money, but he could not be heard on account of the woman.

The captain stepped forward to the boiler deck and tapped the bell for the pilot to land the boat on the starboard side. He was followed by the woman, Anna, with her almost naked children. Some of them had on torn slips, but they all had but little covering. As it was warm weather, in June, this did not hurt them any. They clung to the few articles of clothing their mother had on.

In the meantime the captain had ordered the mate to take two sailors and bring the yawl around to the starboard side. When this had been done the captain ordered the mate to bring up four or five deck hands to the boiler deck. Then the captain said: "Take these two men and put them on shore." The mate had a long bamboo pole, about six feet in length, and he flourished it as he ordered the two gamblers to march. I could not help but laugh as the deck hands pointed to the naked little girls as the *gamblers* marched past.

Down in the fore-castle one of the gamblers said to a friend: "Have our boxes and trunks put off at the next town above." This was Lexington, Mo.

I watched the gamblers as they marched through the grass and weeds up toward Glasgow, Mo., which was about six or seven miles up the river. When we passed that place I saw nothing of the two gamblers. Next night at 9 o'clock when we reached the landing place where the gamblers' goods were to be put off I heard their friend tell the warehouse man that they would be called for by two men.

Next morning we were at Liberty Landing and the man who had lost all of his money was attending to the putting off of the boxes, barrels, bedsteads, lot of bundles of clothing and other things like emigrants usually carry. The clerk called Anna, the man's wife, to come to his office. When she went there he handed her a bundle made up of the veritable sweat cloth such as the gamblers used in the game the night before and a receipt for sixteen dollars for freight and passage. He also assisted her in getting the children ashore and helped her with her bundles.

The gentleman who put off the freight of the gamblers near Lexington said afterwards that the gamblers told him that they lost over one hundred dollars of their own, over and above what they had won up to the time of leaving. Who done wrong is the question?

CHAPTER XXIII.

BUSINESS EXPERIENCES.

At twelve years of age, my father had just built a grist mill, two run of four-foot burr stones. He ground for one-eighth of each grist. He also had a saw mill. He had six sons and two daughters, and, although we were all young,

we assisted in the running of the mills. He had a farm of 20 acres of meadow land, 10 acres of plough land, one acre of orchard. He owned about 25 head of cattle, 75 hogs and 6 horses. We all attended log-house country schools. There were three brothers older than I and two younger.

I was put in one of the mills to attend the running. I soon learned to repair machinery in either the saw or grist mill.

For ten or twelve miles around people flocked to those mills for supplies and accommodations. At 21 years of age I thought land a good investment, so I started a small speculation. I ran this up to say 500 acres in six years.

At 23 years of age I commenced merchandising in a small way. At the age of 26 I was married to Agnes Jordan, and we went to housekeeping at once. Fortune, the fickle dame came and I took a back seat, settled up, called in my outstandings, and found it was not as bad as it might have been.

When 34 I took a new lease in speculation, pushed business and success, I thought mine, for many years. At 48 came the great Rebellion. Now a frost, a killing frost, nipped my success. I had nine children, mostly in schools and colleges. The toscin of war was sounded not only afar off, but at home, in Smithville, Clay County, Missouri.

I took a loyal stand for my country, radically. I first took my two oldest sons from a college that was a hot bed of "secesh." The oldest went to Des Moines, Iowa, and the next year to Kansas. During 1861 and 1862 I was driven myself to Iowa.

In 1864, the early spring I went to Valley Falls, Kansas, with ten likely negro slaves to be free, as they are this

day. The value of these slaves was \$10,000, and my other losses over \$15,000.

My first venture in business was when I was about 23 years of age. Although I had but little experience in grocery or mercantile business I left for St. Louis, Missouri, with about nine hundred dollars in my pocket. I had self-confidence, for I had been engaged in the milling business for years. I got on the boat at Liberty Landing, and it looked as if I were going to have a pleasant trip.

Just as the boat got near the landing in St. Louis a gentleman pointed out a large stone building near the wharf and said: "There is an excellent wholesale grocery store, and a safe house to do business with."

That afternoon I walked into the store and one of the firm asked if he could do anything for me. I found out afterward that the firm was worth about \$500,000. I said first I wanted to deposit some money so I could draw it out as I needed it. He seated me at a table and I commenced unbuttoning my clothes, and then from under my shirt and from my shoes I drew out gold and paper money. I counted the money and then went out and looked around the town. Next day I commenced doing business. What this firm did not have I bought from other firms, and soon I was out of money. Then this firm offered to sell me more groceries. They asked me if I could give a cash check, but I said I had no deposit. Then they asked me if I could pay in thirty days, but I said it would take longer than that to get home with my stock. Then I told them that if they would sell me about \$500 worth of staple goods on 6 months, 6 per cent. or four months' credit, without interest, I would trade. They laughed and said that their most favored customers did not get such terms. We dickered for two or three days.

Then my boat had bills up to leave the next day, so I went to them and told them to have my goods ready at the boat. I was just going out of the door, when who should I meet but Graham L. Hughes, of Liberty, Mo. He was of the firm of Jas. M. and G. L. Hughes. Jim Hughes, of this firm, was Governor after this, and also at one time President of the Missouri State Bank. I passed out and Mr. Hughes went in the store. Naturally the members of the firm asked him who Smith was. They also said that I wanted to buy more goods, but could give no security.

Then Hughes said: "Sell him all the goods he wants. Send the bills to our firm and we will pay you and I will collect from Smith. He is the shrewdest young man in that vicinity, and my brother Matt thinks him good at anything that comes along."

The next morning when I went to settle for the goods I had bought they were very anxious to sell me. I took about \$600 worth and gave them two notes, one for four months with no interest and one for six months at 6 per cent. I went home in very good spirits. The first note was due in four months, and I went to Liberty, and stopped at Hughes' store, expecting to buy exchange. Hughes met me and said as he was going to send some money to St. Louis the next day he could send mine with it. I agreed, being happy at saving the exchange. When the next note came due I went to Hughes' store again and Hughes said: "That firm sent your note up here for collection. So you can pay us and save the exchange." I did so.

Then Mr. Hughes said: "Smith, do you know why they sold you that bill of goods?" I said I did not.

Then he told me and he seemed very happy to think that *he had done me a favor without my knowing it.*

After I had realized on this venture I was never checked in any business transaction. Merchants in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Leavenworth and Kansas City always sent me word: "Let us see more of you." I was never denied after this time.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CLAY COUNTY "FIRST SETTLERS'" CONVENTION.

In about 1890 the papers published at Excelsior Springs, Clay County, Missouri, contained notice that the first settlers of Clay County would meet in convention at Excelsior Springs for the purpose of organizing a society of old settlers. Qualifications for membership rested on a residence in the county from the 20s to the 30s and all who were born in the county and had lived there sixty-five years were eligible. I lived in Kansas City and so attended. A large concourse of people were on hand, introductions were made, and acquaintances were jovial. After dinner the old settlers gathered at the theatre building for organization. A noted doctor, well and favorably known, was called to the chair and with a well expressed statement outlined the object of the meeting, giving a history of his life, taking a retrospective view of the civil war, giving his record there in 1861 to 1865. He declared he was one amongst the first to enlist in the Southern army, with a determined will to win or die in the last ditch. But long before the war closed he wished it was over, and later he became as strong a Union man as any who fought in its armies or stayed at home. The Doctor took his chair with applause. There were forty of us present and thirty-nine spoke in the same strain. All had been to war in the Southern army, or had assisted in furthering the Southern cause, and all now Union men.

Finally, at the end of the class this writer, Calvin Smith, took the stand and stated that although he had not been an enlisted Union soldier, he had assisted the Union army to drive all rebels south of the Missouri river and sympathizers to take the oath of loyalty or go to jail. I was like the honorable chairman—the war ended just as I wanted it to end, I was happy in the final results. (Cheers and groans.)

As I came to Clay County in 1822 I considered it my right to become a member of the society. The chairman announced that all those entitled to membership should come forward to the platform. Forty of us were at once seated. All were interviewed. When my time came objections were made that I had forfeited my county citizenship by leaving the county and also the State. To this I replied that I was forced to leave the county and State by the home enemy during the civil war, but that since peace had returned I was on my way to Smithville, Clay County, Missouri; that I was stopping in Kansas City, but that Smithville was my home. No man could be forced from his citizenship.

A committee was appointed to report at the next meeting. Their report was favorable and I paid my dollar and joined. All shook hands with me and we talked over old times; when one-half of them used to come to Smith's Mills for grinding of meal and flour, and for lumber. One-fourth, probably, had been customers of my store at Smithville; many I had credited for goods; some were raised within two miles of Smithville. All knew me and I knew nine-tenths of them.

CHAPTER XXV.

RIVER STORIES.

My first trip on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers in April, 1836, was in company with a party of leading business

men of Western Missouri. Among the number was James M. Hughes, of Liberty, Clay County, Mo., one of the staunchest merchants and business men of that day. We had a delightful trip, separating at St. Louis, Mo., some going down the river to Memphis and other points. I went to Natchez, as I learned that my brother, Erastus Smith, who was a pilot on the "Swiftboy," a boat that plied on the Red River, would arrive there that day. I arrived early in the morning and at noon the "Swiftboy" arrived. I immediately went aboard and found my brother at dinner. We chatted only a few moments when a man with a pistol and a rope came on board and stepped up to the steward, a bright mulatto man. He placed him under arrest as a fugitive slave. Then walking back to the ladies' cabin he arrested the chambermaid. Starting for the forecastle he passed near my brother and myself. The steward asked permission to get his coat from his room. Permission was given and the prisoner went out the back door, down to the deck, then into the wheel house and quickly slid into the water under the paddle wheel bucket, leaving out only his nose.

The overseer, who seemed to be from a neighboring plantation, tied the chambermaid's wrist tightly with the rope and then took her to the forecastle. Then he went in search of his prisoner. He got the assistance of the deck hands to help him discover the fleeing prisoner. The overseer as soon as he saw the slave's hiding place underneath the paddle wheel bucket pointed his pistol at him, ordered him to come out. The negro at once loosened his hold and sank into forty feet of water never to rise again. Only a few bubbles rising in the water showed where he sank.

I went on shore and saw the negro chambermaid crying and screaming from the pain, she having been tied so tight

with the rope that the blood had stopped circulating. She ran screaming to me begging that I should loose the cord, but I was frightened, as I saw the overseer coming toward me with his pistol in his hand. There were dozens of people standing around, but no one interfered. The overseer moved on with his prisoner and I saw no more of him.

Next morning the steamboat "Swiftboy" was attached for \$1500 for the loss of the black man. Bond was given and the boat left for Nantucket, up the Red River.

In 1838 I went to St. Louis, Mo., on a boat. We had the customary cabin passengers, business men, sporting men and travelers of all kinds. First day out near Sibley, Mo., our boat got on a sand bar. The mate was not an up-to-date man, so Captain Bates went out in a yawl with mates and deck hands to warp the boat off. They were to draw the boat off by letting out the anchor and then attaching to it a cable wrapped around the main staff, to be drawn by an engine. In letting out the cable a coil caught the captain around the thigh and hauled him overboard. The crew were unable to stop the yawl and it drifted away while all the passengers who saw the catastrophe screamed with horror. The clerk, A. B. Miller, who was shaving, heard the cries, and calling to the yawl to pull to our boat, he succeeded in fishing up the cable and recovering the body of the captain. In the meantime the steamboat had floated off the bar and we proceeded down to St. Louis. When we reached that city the captain's two brothers took his body ashore.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A COUNTRY DANCE.

About the tenth of April, 1838, I heard there was to be a party or rather a country dance, near St. Joseph, Mo. It

was twenty-five miles away in the New Platte Purchase, where people had just been settling for two years. Log cabins were all the go at that time. Early in the morning of that day I started for the fandango. On the way, about fifteen miles out I stopped at Woodville, a town just started, where there was a grocery store and private tavern. Bill Tawney Hill, a young man whom I knew, owned this store and he had a nice stock of goods. I also knew another young man in the town. I told them where I was bound for and that I had prospects of a good time. I then went on to Contrary Creek, in sight of St. Joe, about ten miles distant, on the big road. This was the place where the party was to be held.

There were twelve or fifteen horses hitched to hickory grubs and stumps and a half dozen wagons near by, with the horses tied to the wagons. I tied my horse to a hickory sprout close by and went to the house, which was a double log house, two good-sized buildings. Near the door I pulled off my overcoat.

Just as I went in the door a large Virginia Reel was being danced. A young man, who was dancing in the reel with his lady, took me by the hand and said: "Mr. Smith, take my partner. My horse out yonder is getting in his halter," pointing with his hand to where the horses were tied. I dropped my overcoat at once, swung into the dance with the young lady and soon became well acquainted with her, as I did with many other ladies and gentlemen that night.

The dance was kept up until midnight, supper being served in the meantime. There was a large log fire outside for the cooking. The adjoining room to where we danced was the place for eating. There were about forty people there, most-

ly young people. There were two fiddlers, and they kept the music going all the time.

Later, some of the young men, who were tired of dancing and a few of the older men, started a game of "brag" and soon others started a game of "poker." The dance continued until after midnight and then a few of them went home. The ladies who remained bunked on the floor of the adjoining room, but there were enough card players left to keep two tables going. Money seemed plentiful and the games continued all night.

When morning came we had breakfast and then the dancing and gaming commenced again. New recruits soon joined us, some taking a hand at cards while others danced. In the afternoon Bill Tawney Hill and his friend came in. Both were sports and liked cards and dancing, so they joined us.

Soon after dinner Lang Searcey, from near Smithville, who had heard where I was and followed me twenty miles, came in and at once started in on the sport. He liked dancing, but gambling was his best hand. About dark Yell Moore from Liberty, who had heard of the big good times at Contrary Creek, came over forty miles, with a friend, to join in the gaming. They were special sportsmen.

On Friday I was tired and worn out, so I got my horse and started for home by way of Linville store, a new town on the head of Bee Creek. I had dinner there and then went on home.

The game at Contrary Creek kept up until Sunday morning. The result was that Bill Tawney Hill lost about three hundred and fifty dollars. He was the greatest loser, the rest being twenty dollars or thereabouts in or out. I never reported my gains or losses at that time. I was always

ready for a country dance or a game. It could always be had by going after it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EXPERIENCES IN DES MOINES, IOWA.

I remained in Kansas City until June 13, 1901, when I again went to Des Moines, a wanderer. The first thing I did after settling there was to get into good society—I went to church. Next I joined the Octogenarian Society, an organization of twenty-five members. The qualifications for membership was to be 80 years old or more. Men of 70 years were also admitted as junior members. October 25 of the above year the first meeting of the society was held, at a hotel at high noon. Plates were laid for sixty and each plate cost 75 cents. Two hours were given to introduction and arranging membership, and at 2 o'clock dinner was announced. My daughter, Mrs. Anna Goodenough, and granddaughter, Miss Eva Goodenough, accompanied me. I was given the place of honor at the head of the table, being 88 years old—the oldest man present. After dinner speeches were called for and I was invited to speak, which I did, detailing a short history of my life, of Missouri, of the Missouri Question, and the expulsion of the free State men, and the trials incident to war times on the border.

In June, 1903, I visited in Des Moines and attended church services. The Des Moines Register says of that occasion:

"The centennial sermon delivered by Dr. A. B. Storms at the First M. E. Church Sunday morning on the Louisiana Purchase drew a large audience and was one of much interest to all. He told of the resources of the vast territory, the struggles and development which has produced for the

world a country unequaled in wealth, usefulness and beauty. In its nature it must have a peculiar people to unfold a country so vast—men with brain and brawn, brave and enduring; men whose lives must be given to produce homes for millions who seek our shores; strong men with mental, moral and physical force to lay a perfect foundation. 'In my audience I see a gentleman who is a fine representative of this type and who has lived in the Louisiana Purchase 87 years—Father Smith. Am I not right?' To which the gentleman assented. 'Will you arise and face the people that they may see a man so well preserved?' He has a marvelous physique and the intelligence of expression is still keen and active. It is a pleasure to see him and enjoy his conversation. Surely he is a fine representative of the man Dr. Storms portrayed and as he passed out of the church after the services many congratulations and handshakes with hearty good wishes greeted him."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN INTERVIEW WITH VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS.

My interview with Vice President Fairbanks can best be told by the following clipping from The Kansas City Journal:

Senator Fairbanks, candidate for Vice President, was given a reception at the Midland Hotel. While the reception was given by the Republican party, the most prominent people present were the Tippecanoe voters for William Henry Harrison, in 1840. One was John Adolphus McNamée, of St. Joseph, and the other Calvin Smith, of this city. Calvin Smith, of 1611 Oak street, was thus introduced to Senator Fairbanks by U. S. Epperson.

" 'Calvin Smith, Senator. He is 91 years old, has been 88 years west of the Mississippi River and voted for Harrison in 1840.'

"Senator Fairbanks said: 'I hope you will live to be a hundred, Mr. Smith.'

" 'I hope to meet you again in Washington,' said old man Smith, straightening himself up. 'I hope to see you Vice President.'

" 'Thank you, sir,' said the Senator.

"Putting Mr. Smith's card in his pocket, he said to Mr. Epperson: 'I must write to him. Isn't he a fine specimen of an old gentleman?' "

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW ELLIOTT WAS CONVERTED.

This is a reminiscence of a dialogue on the "sins of men" by and between Humphrey Smith and Joseph Elliot, when I was quite a boy. It was near 80 years ago. My father, Humphrey Smith, owned a mill, both saw and grist mill, two run of four-foot burr stones. We took one-eighth for toll for the grinding.

Elliot, who lived ten miles away, in Clinton County, came in with some wheat. He had a two-horse wagon and a colored man to drive. After the wheat had been carried in for grinding my father sat and talked to Mr. Elliot, and then said: "Come, go home with me for supper and stay all night. The miller and your man will attend to the grinding and it will be all ready for you."

Mr. Elliot accepted the invitation and went to our house for supper. After supper both men were sitting in front of a big fireplace filled with wood. The conversation finally turned on the doctrine of salvation and Christian religion.

Elliot soon announced that he believed all men would be saved, the Universalist doctrine. Father discussed the subject freely, quoting Scriptures. Elliot did the same, quoting

Isaiah, the Prophet: "Give the poor man strong drink to drink, that he may be drunken and forget his poverty."

Finally the argument got dull, when father said: "Elliot, when you die you will go to hell."

"Think so?" said Elliot. "Yes," said Smith, "unless you repent."

"Well, Smith, how am I to repent?" asked Elliot.

"You must set all your negro slaves free and pay them for all the work you have extorted from them and then get down on your knees and ask God to forgive you. Then live godly in Christ Jesus the balance of your life and you will be saved."

"Well, Smith, if I have to do all this I would rather die and go to hell, and lie there forever than to repent," said Elliot, and then he brought down his fist on his knees in a solemn manner.

Elliot was then the owner of sixteen slaves, "a whole heap of niggers," according to the Southern phraseology.

Time rolled on for many years, and finally the Kansas and Nebraska acts for new States were passed. There was a struggle as regards Kansas, whether it would be a slave or Free State. It was finally decided as a Free State. Elliot knew the country, it being less than twenty-five miles from where he lived. He knew that settlers would take up homesteads, and that it was fine land. Elliot called all his slaves together one day and said to them: "I want you all to go to Kansas. Take all the wagons, horses, harness, plows, harrows, cattle, hogs, sheep and provisions, corn, wheat bacon, enough to last you until you can raise or get otherwise. Come back, if necessary, for more. There is plenty here for all of us. You will find the best of land twenty-five miles south of Topeka. No risk in this venture. Land will come into market at \$1.25 per acre. I will see that you have the money on

hand when that time comes. Now all ready for a start to the new home."

An old negro woman, about 70 years of age, mother and grandmother to a number of those who were going, went to Elliot and said: "Massa, I'se don't want to go away among strangers. 'Ise take cold and dies."

"Well, well Aunty," said Mr. Elliot, "if you don't want to go you can stay right here where you are and this is your home as long as you live. Stay in your house and take care of yourself. There is plenty for both of us."

A few years later Elliot died. He had no children, never was married. He had a fine farm, and a lot of money loaned at 10 per cent. He had four or five brothers and one sister, and all were old.

Arch Elliot, his brother, and Judge Froman administered his estate. When they went to make an appraisement they took memoranda of all the estate, farm, implements, etc. Then they met the old Auntie whom I told about. Blandly they asked her, the faithful old woman slave, what she had, and the old ex-slave said: "Massa give me money from time to time and with that and what my son earned from playing the fiddle I'se got about \$350 in silver." The gentlemen administrators and appraisers counted it, put it in their pockets and left. So ends the history of Mr. Elliot, as far as knows the relator.

CHAPTER XXX.

EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.

Extract from Kansas City World:

In speaking of the Smithville Horse Show, which was held in October, 1905, the Kansas City World had the following to say:

"The most conspicuous figure at Smithville is Calvin Smith, 92 years of age, a tall, well preserved, neatly groomed veteran, with long gray hair and whiskers, whose father, Humphery Smith, founded Smithville in 1822, when Calvin was but 9 years old.

"Mr. Smith is the father of Henry and James G. Smith, prominent Kansas City attorneys, and lives with the latter at 1611 Oak street, in that city. All day Mr. Smith was surrounded by the old-timers and reminiscences of war times flew thick and fast.

"I left in a hurry during the war,' said Mr. Smith, 'as General Price had sent six men to get me, but I escaped and two of the six men never lived to tell Price how it happened.'

"A flour mill, now doing a business of 100 barrels a day, founded by the elder Smith, is one of the leading institutions of Smithville."

Extract from Kansas City Sunday Star:

"Calvin Smith, of 1611 Oak street, is 92 years of age. For eighty-seven of these years he has lived in Missouri. Few will appreciate, perhaps, unless time is taken to think over it, how very much of this country's most important history is included in ninety-two years, but a quick and emphatic way of realizing it is in remembering that Calvin Smith was born while the guns were still roaring in battle in the war of 1812. When he was cutting his first teeth his father was fighting for his country. Practically every notable advance in the civilization of this country for nearly a century has come to pass during this man's life. He has marveled at all the great inventions and discoveries of science; he has seen the world's map change; nations have risen and fallen in his time; political parties have come and gone, and he is still a Republican. To quote his own words, he'll be one until he dies.

"Calvin Smith's great age is impressed upon you when you meet him, not by his long white hair or any physical deficiency, for he is as straight as a man of 50, but by his conversation. When he says: 'I lived forty years in Smithville, leaving there in 1862,' you feel young.

"When he goes on to say occasionally: "Seventy years ago,' or 'I had a plan in the 30s' you begin to realize how old he really is.

"Calvin Smith does not walk twenty miles before breakfast, and he doesn't split a cord of wood each day for exercise, which makes him a unique figure among old men.

"I have lived through the nerve-racking experiences of city life, he said a few days ago, ' and I have known the farmers' trials. Most of my life I was a merchant in a small town. I came to Kansas City in '82.' "

At various times during the year 1905 the Smithville Star, published at Smithville, Mo., published illustrated articles and extracts from my autobiography under the title "The Smiths of Smithville." These articles were widely read and copied in full in many of the leading papers of the country. The interest taken in the narration of many exciting incidents of the history of our county and the calls for the facts as seen by an eye-witness led me to have them published in full.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A ROMANCE OF A LOVE WEDDING IN 1818.

The writer was a witness of these facts. In Howard County, Mo., in 1818, my father lived on the big road leading from Franklin to now Columbia, thence to St. Charles, on the north side of the Missouri River. One day in July there came along a party of five or six men, each leading a horse with a pack saddle on, containing camp equipage and cloth-

ing, on top of these were a number of children. There were five or six women walking behind, some of them barefooted.

The company stopped at our house for a drink from the springs. After refreshing themselves they laid on the grass for a rest, it being the heat of the day. We found out their destination was about fifteen miles further on to the mouth of the Chariton River.

One of the ladies in the party was sick and my mother agreed she could remain at our house for a rest, so she went to one of the saddles and pulled out her clothing.

She told my mother her name was Patsey Millsap, and that she was not related to any of the party, but had joined them in Tennessee. She was about twenty-two.

Next day she was better and asked mother for work and to remain at our house.

Mother said we were only new-comers and that we only had one room for the five or six children and father and mother. A few days after this Mrs. Groom, a neighbor, called to take tea with mother and asked if she knew of anyone that wanted work. She said her daughter had just been married and they were opening a large farm.

Mother at once introduced her to Patsey Millsap. She was asked if she would take the position and she said "Yes." Then the question of wages came up. Mrs. Groome said she could pay 25 cents per week, and, although this was very cheap, Patsey agreed to take it, as she had no home. The two then started off for the Groome farm.

The first day's work was washing. As the wash was behind three weeks it took a week to catch up. The Groome family was a large one.

Patsey worked for a month or more, when a young man of 24 came along the big road. He was from Kentucky. His

name was Richard Chaney. He stopped at the spring for a drink, and, looking up, saw many tall straight white oak trees, and, as they struck his fancy, he made up his mind to camp at this place, which was called Smith's White Oak Ridge.

He went to a mill, got some meal, wet it up in some hickory leaves, opened embers and burning coals, covered a lump with green hickory leaves and in an hour or two his "pone" was done. (This we called "ash pone.")

After his simple meal he went to work with his ax, cut down a four-foot white oak. Then with his ax and wedge he made four-foot clap boards, which he carried to the big road, where all immigrants passed.

He found plenty of customers for his boards, there being no trouble to get logs for a cabin, but planks and shingles were scarce. Dick soon filled his pockets with silver and thought he would get some meat, getting tired of "pone," so he went to old Daddie Groome's place for some bacon. He saw Patsey on his first visit and it was a case of love at first sight. A few days later a match was made, and Patsey told Mother Groome she was going to marry Dick, and that party at once told Daddie Groome. Daddie called Patsey to one side and said: "I understand you and Dick are going to get married."

Patsey said: "We so contemplate to do."

"Well," said Daddie Groome, "Dick is no account and you will starve."

"We can live on love," said Patsey.

"Well, go ahead," said Daddie Groome.

They were married and moved into a vacant school house near by. They bored a hole in one of the logs, had one leg of the bed in the middle of the room, laid boards on the rails and

covered them with leaves. This, with a quilt given by Mrs. Groome, made their bed. This was surely love in a cottage.

Mrs. Groome also gave them a skillet to make pone in and fry meat. A few weeks later Patsey went to Groome's house to buy some bacon. Daddie Groome said: "Patsey, I thought you told me you could live on love." "So I did," said Patsey, "but a little bacon will help out so very much."

Mr. Groome laughed and gave her a huge side of bacon, and when she offered to pay for it told her it would be a wedding present. Patsey wrapped her apron around the middle of the bacon, propped it on her head and started for home.

Six years later we lived at Smith's Mills, now Smithville, 140 miles west of where the above happened. I was sent to school 13 miles away. My brother George, who was older than I, went with me.

The first night, when I went to my boarding house behold our landlord and landlady were Richard Chaney and wife. Mrs. Patsey M. Chaney was the mother of three children. They owned a double log house and had 19 acres under cultivation.

A year or two later a man came along and saw Chaney's farm, and as Dick had not entered the land it was declared vacant, and belonged to the Government, subject to private entry. The man entered the land, about 30 acres, at \$1.25 an acre.

The man then said he did not want Dick to have all his labor for nothing, so he paid him \$100 if he would leave at once.

Dick gratefully accepted this and went to Lexington, Mo., 60 miles away, and entered 80 acres, double in value to that which he had lost. The last I heard of them there were eight

or ten children, and all were happy and prosperous. This is the end of my love-story.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FAMILY OF BILL TILLERY.

In 1823, when I was ten years of age I went to school about thirteen miles from home. There were about forty scholars in all, most of them larger than I was. There was one boy near my own age whose name was William Tillery. He was further advanced than I, having reached the higher class when I was still studying my A B Cs. "Bill," we will call him for shortness, for it was by that name he was known until he was eighty years of age. The Tillery family was a large one, many of his uncles being influential members of society.

Bill grew up to manhood and when he was twenty-one years of age he married a Miss Poe, who came of a nice respectable family of boys and girls. Bill had a small farm of about thirty acres, four miles west of Liberty, Clay County, Mo. He was a Baptist and a very pious man. If he went to town on business, as soon as he got through he went home, in most cases getting there in time for dinner.

Bill and his wife lived happily for a number of years and had eight children born to them. Then Mrs. Tillery died. There was at this time one of his deceased wife's sisters living with him. About a year later Bill married his sister-in-law. They lived happily together until she died. She was the mother of eight children, making sixteen in all, at the time of the breaking out of the Civil War.

About this time a well-to-do family who lived in Saline County, sent their daughter to Camden Point to a female

academy kept by H. B. Todd. This gentleman was a first cousin to President Lincoln, the Todd family being a noted one in Kentucky.

As this young lady student passed through Smithville frequently on her way to college she would stop at our house for refreshments and rest. I had an adopted daughter attending the same college.

The young lady graduated and then married a gentleman and moved to a town near Cameron, Breckenridge. The new couple were extremely "secesh" in politics. When the war broke out they had four children, but the husband took up arms and volunteered in a company formed at Breckenridge. The Union troops at St. Joseph, Mo., were sent to disperse them. A fight took place and this husband was killed. His house was burned down and all his goods and chattels were destroyed.

The young widow with four children was left destitute, but the Union captain took her to Liberty, Mo., and got a dilapidated house for her and her children. He ordered the Union Quartermaster to issue the widow rations.

In the meantime John Gragg, a good Union man, wished to employ a school ma'am to teach a common district school. The position was offered to the widow and she was ready to take it, but as President Lincoln and Governor Gamble had issued a proclamation which prevented any rebels from receiving public money, she was told she would have to take an oath of loyalty to the United States. This stunned her, but as bread and butter were a necessity for her children she took the oath of loyalty (in her heart she asked God to forgive her for the false oath) and then took the school.

She taught school until the war was over, and William Tillery came into view and in a short time they were married. They now had 20 children to begin with—quite a start.

Bill was somewhat financially embarrassed, so he sold his old home, and moved to Gower, Clinton County.

Ten years later the writer called on his old friends and schoolmate, and by that time four more children had been born, making Bill's family twenty-four.

The next morning Mrs. Tillery told me of her experience when she took the oath. She said she had asked God to forgive her for that oath, as her children were crying for bread. In the meantime I had asked Bill about his views on the war and he told me he had been "Southern" in view.

As I was going to Plattsburg, Bill recommended me to a married daughter living there. I stopped at that house, but found that both her and her husband were Southern, too, so I left, and have never been back since. A short time after that Bill Tillery died.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BEN FRANKLIN'S LETTER.

I have in my possession a copy of a letter sent by Benjamin Franklin to his mother, in which he spoke of selling his slaves. If Benjamin Franklin, one of the apostles of freedom, signer of the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States of America, living under the Stars and Stripes, of the spangled banner of freedom proposed TO SELL HIS SLAVES what think you?

I set my ten negro slaves free who were worth \$10,000.

CALVIN SMITH.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FINALE.

This year I will be ninety-two years old, and I wish to say right now and here that in all my life my business transactions have been honorable with all men and women. I will be willing to met them and square them all up and for the last farthing due, if any balance is found against me. Of course, I am not so blind to truth as to say I have not sinned; the Book says otherwise. I always considered I had no need to lie, cheat or steal to make a living, as I claimed, and believed I was smart, wise and brilliant enough to make an honest living without these sinful practices, besides well, sound, and able to work and willing, such villainous thoughts I cast from me. Rather than do wrong I would suffer wrong.

So I have contented myself for being in good company, even when alone, so I often commune with myself, not fearing the officer or detective. My conscience was my guide and lookout. Fearing no evil, following truth.

I have no regret for the acts of Providence. My associates in younger days and manhood and in business are all dead, or nearly all. So it is, Amen.

Nothing can you do for me; I am too old now. I have enough to supply my simple wants, which are but few. But I will tell you a secret; I am not poor, though I am not rich. What others may think does not trouble me. In one sense I am a rich old miser. It is true I have but little gold or silver; but I have two large safes—in one of them I keep the good deeds I have done, and in the other the happy hours and days I have known. I have not lived as I might have done, but old and feeble as I am I shall add the good now and then. The safes are not full yet, but I hope to fill out the measurement. On rainy days, at quiet times, and nights when the

wind howls and no one is looking in, I will get them out and count them over—my gleeful treasures. I try to live in such a way that when the time comes I shall be ready to depart.

The poet says:

“He who builds beneath the skies, builds too low.

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next.”

I shall soon go to bed. Wish me a pleasant night's rest;
I surely wish you all a pleasant afternoon.

CALVIN SMITH.

**The Counties of the State of Missouri
and for Whom Named.**

ADAIR, called after General John Adair, of Mercer County, Kentucky, who was elected Governor of that State in 1820, and died May 19, 1840.

ANDREW, called for Andrew Jackson Davis, a prominent citizen of St. Louis and Savannah, Mo.

ATCHISON, in honor of David R. Atchison.

AUDRAIN, called for James M. Audrain, a citizen of St. Charles, Mo.

BARRY, in honor of William T. Barry, one of Jackson's Cabinet officers.

BARTON, called for David Barton, a prominent politician in the State of Missouri.

BATES, called for Frederick Bates, second Governor of the State.

BENTON, in honor of U. S. Senator Thomas H. Benton.

BALLINGER, in honor of Major George H. Ballinger.

BOONE, named for old Daniel Boone.

BUCHANAN, named for President James Buchanan.

BUTLER, called for Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney General during Jackson's term.

CALDWELL, named for Captain Mathew Caldwell, an Indian scout and hunter of Kentucky.

CALLAWAY, named for Captain James Callaway, killed by the Indians on the Lutre.

CAMDEN, in honor of Charles Pratt Camden.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, named for Ensign Steve Girardeau, a Frenchman and Indian trader.

CARROLL, for Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

CARTER, called for Zimri Carter, a pioneer citizen.

CASS, in honor of Lewis Cass, U. S. Senator.

CEDAR, after the principal stream in the county.

CHARITON, called for John Chariton, a French fur trader.

CHRISTIAN, named for Col. William Christian, of Kentucky.

CLARK, named for William Clark, first Governor of Kentucky-Missouri.

CLAY, called for Henry Clay, of Kentucky.

CLINTON, called for G. De Witt Clinton, of New York.

COLE, for Captain Steven Cole, who built Cole's Fort, at Boonville, Mo.

COOPER, called for Sarshel Cooper, one of the first settlers of Howard County. He was killed by an Indian in the fort while sitting in his cabin in the year 1814.

CRAWFORD, called for William H. Crawford, a Democratic statesman of Georgia.

DADE, called for Major Dade, of the Seminole War, who was killed in Florida with one hundred men.

DALLAS, in honor of George M. Dallas, Vice President with James K. Polk.

DAVISS, named for Col. Joseph Hamilton Daviess, of Kentucky, killed in the battle of Tippecanoe.

DE KALB, called for Baron John De Kalb, a Frenchman of Revolutionary fame.

DENT, called for Lewis Dent, an early settler.

DOUGLAS, called for Stephen A. Douglas.

DUNKLIN, called for Daniel Dunklin, Governor of Missouri.

FRANKLIN, named for Benjamin Franklin, printer and philosopher.

GASCONADE, named for the principal river.

GENTRY, in honor of Col. Richard Gentry, killed at the battle of Ocheecobee, Florida.

GREENE, called for General Nathaniel Greene, of the Revolution.

GRUNDY, called for Felix Grundy, U. S. Senator of Tennessee.

HARRISON, called for Albert G. Harrison, member of Congress.

HICKORY, in honor of General Jackson, who was nicknamed "Old Hickory." His residence, called "Hermitage," is the county seat.

HOLT, named for Dr. David Rice Holt, of Platte, who was a Representative.

HOWARD, named for General and Governor Howard, of Kentucky.

HOWELL, received its name from Howell Valley, in which the first settlement was made.

IRON, named for its great iron mines.

JACKSON, in honor of Andrew Jackson.

JASPER, in honor of Sergeant Jasper, of the Revolution.

JEFFERSON, called for Thomas Jefferson.

JOHNSON, called for Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky.

KNOX, called for Gen. Henry Knox, of the Revolution.

LACLEDE, called for Perry Linquest Laclede, founder of St. Louis.

LAFAYETTE, named in 1825.

LAWRENCE, named for Captain James Lawrence, of the war of 1812.

INDEX:

- Chapter 1—My Ancestors.
- Chapter 2—An Autobiographical Sketch.
- Chapter 3—My Father and Mother.
- Chapter 4—Childhood Recollections of 1817.
- Chapter 5—A Night Attack.
- Chapter 6—Insured to Live a Century.
- Chapter 7—The Border Ruffian War
- Chapter 8—Noted Men I Met up to Time of the Civil War.
- Chapter 9—The Opening of the Civil War.
- Chapter 10—Pete Lizar's Sister-in Law's Pension.
- Chapter 11—Lincoln's Proclamation for a Day of Prayer.
- Chapter 12—My Letter to General Prentiss.
- Chapter 13—The Prentiss Raid.
- Chapter 14—How I Left Smithville.
- Chapter 15—Joining the Union League.
- Chapter 16—The Escape of Tinsley.
- Chapter 17—Charges Made Against Me.
- Chapter 18—Views of the Rebellion.
- Chapter 19—The Story of Sebree Smith.
- Chapter 20—My Political Sentiments.
- Chapter 21—As a Mason and Know-Nothing.
- Chapter 22—Sporting Experiences.
- Chapter 23—Business Experiences.
- Chapter 24—Clay County First Settlers' Convention.
- Chapter 25—River Stories.
- Chapter 26—A Country Dance.
- Chapter 27—Experiences in Des Moines, Iowa.
- Chapter 28—Interview With Vice President Fairbanks.
- Chapter 29—How Elliot Was Converted.
- Chapter 30—Extracts from Newspapers.
- Chapter 31—A Romance of a Love Wedding in 1818.
- Chapter 32—The Family of Bill Tillery.
- Chapter 33—Ben Franklin's Letter.
- Chapter 34—Finale.



DEAR WIFE, I COME.

CALVIN SMITH

BORN DECEMBER 23, 1813,

IN ERIE COUNTY, N. Y.

WHERE I FIRST DREW BREATH.

MISSOURI GAVE ME A HOME,

KANSAS A GRAVE;

I KNOW JESUS IS THE CHRIST.

DIED—————

CHRISTIAN FAITH BEHOLDS A HOME ON HIGH
CHRISTIAN HOPE GROWS BRIGHT AS YEARS GO BY,
CHRISTIAN LOVE BREATHES TRUSTING PRAYER,
GOING HOME AND CHRIST TELLS WHERE.

The above inscription is to be placed on my tombstone.

—CALVIN SMITH